

Florida

Florida State Board of Conservation
Marine Laboratory
St. Petersburg, Florida

Shiner Fishing — For and With
Go — But Come Back

Fishing • Hunting
• Conservation •

WILDLIFE

JUNE, 1959

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS



FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S

Fishing Citation

"for that BIG ONE that DIDN'T get away"

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. (Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.)

Citation, showing recorded data of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following fresh-water game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

_____ 8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

_____ 4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

_____ 1 1/2 pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER

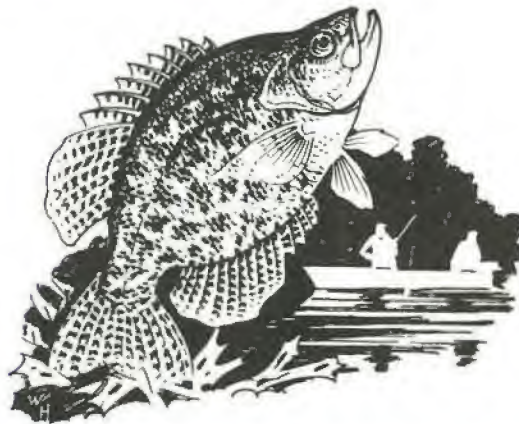
_____ 2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

_____ 2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

_____ 1 pound or larger



CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Date _____

Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name _____ Address _____

Species of Fish _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used _____

Where Caught _____ Date _____

Catch Witnessed by _____

Registered, Weighed by _____ at _____

(Signature of Applicant)

★

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Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game And Fish

★

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Youth and a Crucible of Self-Sufficiency

By ERNEST SWIFT
National Wildlife Federation

THE AMERICAN PATTERN of life has inconsistencies which would be ludicrous if it were not for the fact they have a serious undercurrent.

Mass advertising and the written word, monotonously repeated, have convinced the nation it has reached the ultimate in abundance, luxurious living, guaranteed security and few individual responsibilities.

The luxuries of yesterday have become the necessities of today, with denial to none; and the law is mandatory that the industrious and more intelligent divide and share their means with the less industrious.

But this idealism of the perfect life is being challenged by the growing problem of juvenile delinquency, with some rather panicky accusations of guilt and ill thought-out solutions. Too few are willing to identify this growing cancer as a product of this golden era of leisure and surfeit of abundance.

A certain amount of witch hunting is being directed at the western TV shows. Not only are they condemned for too much shooting—this may be a point—but they are called primitive and vulgar. No one seems to wonder or inquire why kids have so much time to look at them; but of course the adults look at them too. Nobody likes them—just the public.

Here again we display inconsistencies which show through the fabric of our nature. There is a certain amount of ancestor-worship in watching a Western or in reading of the early frontier, but suggestion of returning to any part of the austere and sturdy living of our forebears brings violent reactions. Some denounce it as a return to the barbaric era.

But to what does the word primitive apply? Living standards or ideals? Do austere living conditions make for a life barren of ideals?

If that were true it is hard to explain how the oath of Hippocrates, the Sermon on the Mount, or the

Gettysburg Address were conceived prior to indoor plumbing and electric lights.

Our society has allowed the law of the jungle and cesspools of degeneracy to develop in the very midst of the highest living standards and create far more degenerate conditions than ever existed on our frontiers—and society has dubbed this "juvenile delinquency"

Our backwoods farm in northern Wisconsin was nine miles from town—a sawmill town—and that was forty-five years ago. On my infrequent trips there I never tired of watching the cat-footed rivermen break out the great rollways of logs that lined the river bank above the mill.

A sandtrail, called the Chippewa road, wandered between stumps and clumps of pine to the edge of the valley and then wormed its way through a hodge-podge of hills to the

plateau above. Five miles farther on and bordering a big, blue-water lake was our stump farm. The crooked, meandering road was two parallel ruts deep with sand under an arching forest. Going to town with a work team and empty wagon took a good two and a half hours. Coming from town with a load, such as lumber, was a four-hour trip; the horses had to be rested often.

There were two stopping places between town and our farm, each with a saloon, a big log barn and a "ram pasture" for itinerant lumberjacks. These establishments always seemed quite romantic.

In the fall there was an intermittent stream of four-horse tote wagons rumbling by through our clearing, hauling supplies to distant logging camps. That, plus the fact that it was the main trail to the Indian reservation, made our farm a great point of vantage from which to contemplate the world.

About eight months of the year the mail was delivered twice a week, the balance of the year it was not delivered at all. There were no telephones so that each homestead was a world unto itself. Once or twice a month during the deep snow someone from the settlement would snowshoe to town for mail or such necessities as tobacco or turpentine and liniment for sore throats.

Pioneering developed a fundamental durability and keen sense of self-reliance that was elemental to survival. All settlers had a common characteristic necessary to survival—stoicism. They were stoic as manifested in their outward indifference to the elements, to the lack of earthly possessions.

During the summer and fall great preparation was made for winter so that the menfolk could go to the woods. There was harvesting and logs skidded in and cut with the cross-cut for the stoves.

An occasional Sunday picnic was about the only social function that

BALD EAGLE STUDY

OUTDOORSMEN HAVE BEEN invited to cooperate in a special investigational study of the Bald Eagle in Florida, according to a recent announcement by the National Audubon Society.

In charge of this new program is Mr. Richard L. Cunningham, of Miami, Florida, who is now making a concerted effort to enlist the aid of "cooperators" throughout the state. First task will be to draft a report for the Audubon Society concerning the number of Bald Eagles now nesting in Florida, and the number of young that are being successfully raised to "flying maturity."

Those wishing to cooperate in this extensive program, are invited to send notification to; Mr. R. L. Cunningham, 72 N.W. 33rd Avenue, Miami 35, Florida. A complete outline of the study, and a questionnaire will be sent to all who write in to the Miami office. ●

broke the monotony of the summer labors, but when fall came, dances were held in school and barn.

Families loaded in lumber wagons came ten and fifteen miles to square dance, hop waltz and schottische; and an occasional sun-reddened, keen-eyed woodsman would casually step onto the floor, having hiked a cool forty miles, to tamarack 'er down with the apple of his eye.

With the coming of cold weather, the settler would rise of a morning long before dawn, pick up his "turkey" stuffed with a suit of long underwear and extra socks, and step out into the darkness to be gone to the logging camps until spring. When he returned, his hair would be near touching his shoulders; a ferocious-looking beard would cover his face, he would be lousy and stink of the bunkhouse—but he would have cash money in his pockets. Money meant the taxes could be paid, a new heifer bought, dynamite for clearing, clothes for the family.

But while the man was in the woods, the wife would feed the stock, clean the barns, split wood, nurse sick cows and sick babies, and fight to stay alive.

Thus the land was bought not with money, but with stern, unremitting toil; with every day, every month, every year crystallizing a grim determination to succeed. Some lacked sufficient iron in their blood for such a country and, disillusioned and defiant, left for other parts.

Some years ago the road from town to our farm was shortened by cuts and fills through the hills. It was also black-topped, and by pushing on the throttle of an automobile that old, four-hour trip can now be made in fifteen minutes. But I doubt if the city tourists or the younger generation ever see what I saw along that road in those long-forgotten days.

There were deer and wolf tracks, coveys of grouse, and cherry and raspberry blossoms; there were clouds and blue sky to contemplate—and sometimes there was rain. In the fall there were the Northern Lights, and in the winter the long white road, the squeal of runners,

the steam from the horses and the music of heel chains. The steering wheel of an automobile is not conducive to dreams either great or small.

By today's standards, such a dull existence would be called primitive and ugly to the extreme, even brutish. But a few young folks, at great sacrifice, managed to go away to high school and even to college. A product of such primitive and unimaginative living conditions was John Muir, a Wisconsin pioneer who in his late years made this observation of his boyhood: "Of the many advantages of farm life for boys one of the greatest is the gaining of real knowledge of animals as fellow mortals, learning to respect them and love them, and even to win some of their love. Thus God-like sympathy grows and thrives and spreads far beyond the teachings of churches and schools, where too often, the mean, blinding, loveless doctrine is taught that animals have neither mind nor soul, have no rights that we are bound to respect, and were made only for man, to be petted, spoiled, slaughtered, or enslaved."

Could such idealistic sentiments come from a mean background or from a sordid mind? Could the product of a pioneer log cabin find eternal fame in his efforts to create national parks and save some of America's wilderness? It is doubly surprising that John Muir and men of his stamp developed such ethereal ideals considering they lacked today's refinements in fancy clothes, hotrods and switch-blade knives. However, that humble frontier heritage raised more men than it killed or ruined.

As a substitute for frontier ways of life, why not reactivate the old CCC Camp idea? Boys who have been blistering their hands with a shovel, axe or grub hoe all day have little need for a counselor or a psychiatrist. And it is just possible that when they leave camp they may take with them more than they brought—in physical well-being, in ideals, in purpose, and with a little more interest in America, their heritage. ●

A Florida Story

By JOHN FIX

There is a Florida Story that persistently crops up through the years.

It concerns the Seminole Chief who acquired a smattering of the White Man's knowledge. He learned to read and to write. One day he sent to Chicago for a large barometer. "Now we will no longer be at the mercy of the Elements," he jubilantly told his people. "We shall know when the sun will shine; we shall know when will come the torrential rains."

A few weeks later the barometer arrived in Miami and a selected committee, headed by the Chief, were on hand to welcome it. They slung its long box across their shoulders and trotted 15 miles to their home deep in the Everglades. Arriving at the Seminole Village the Chief pried open the box and discovered to his dismay that the needle of the barometer had stuck at the word "Hurricane." He tapped the instrument. He shook it vigorously. The needle would not budge.

The Chief was furious. Again the despicable Paleface had victimized his Red Brother. The Chief swore a good sound Seminole oath which was echoed to the Heavens by his followers.

Then he sat down and scrawled an indignant letter to the firm in Chicago. Not willing to entrust a subordinate with so sacred a duty he trudged back to Miami and personally posted the letter.

This time when he arrived in the Glades the barometer had disappeared. So had the village. So had the Tribe.

There had been nothing wrong with the barometer. ●

THE COVER

Summer-time, vacation-time, fun-time, — all synonymous to the young 'uns as they shuck their school books for another summer of outdoor adventure. This month's cover scene was photographed at the Game Commission's Youth Conservation Camp (see page 12), on the shores of Lake Eaton, deep in the heart of the Ocala National Forest.

Photo by B. E. (Jake) JOHNSON
Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission



By **CHUCK SCHILLING**

AN OLD SAYING PROCLAIMS, "Everybody's got troubles." It's so true. "Everybody" includes writers and especially outdoor writers. Everything about the outdoors is controversial. The management of our natural resources for recreation potential is a comparatively new science. The workers in this young field not only have to grope their way toward proper management procedure but convince a sometimes stubborn and opinionated outdoorsman to string along. This is by no means an easy chore.

Outdoor people in general are perhaps the last sizeable group of rugged individuals. The hunter and fisherman spurn togetherness like a plague. Not for these independent thinkers is the conformist's role. In a world beset with the growing ideology of the corporate personality, the outdoorsman still tilts at any windmill that suits his fancy. While many

collars have been fashioned to harness this blithe spirit, no one has as yet come up with a successful plan to induce him to wear it.

This, then, is the select audience of the outdoor writer, who has the choice of taking the easy way out by serving up pap or asserting his own free personality by writing to this audience on an equal basis. I have always chosen the latter course, and while some of my readers have at times disagreed with my views, they have always, I hope, recognized me as a kindred soul.

Live Bait

If you would divide all sports fishermen into two broad classifications, the best division would probably be between those who use live bait and those who don't. Another general division would be between those who fish primarily for fish and those who fish principally for fun. I much

prefer the latter. There is a growing concern among old-time anglers and sportsmen about what seems to be the present trend.

Until recently, it was generally conceded that only very small boys, women, and very old men could use live bait in public without apology. Now, it is often difficult to find a single angler using artificial lures in a long day on the water. This is a deplorable condition and one hard for me to understand. My own theory is that the ever-present fishing contest being ballyhooed constantly by various commercial enterprises and publicity agencies is changing the thinking of our average angler. No longer do we fish for fun or sport. We don't even fish for fish. We, in ever-increasing numbers, fish for the prizes that big fish can win in fishing contests. The evidence mounts that we don't much care how we catch them.

This insidious fishing contest pressure has even affected the thinking of anglers not fishing for prizes. A greater and greater emphasis is being placed on big fish. Today, three to five pound bass are contemptuously ignored, while just a few years ago, these smaller, livelier, tastier, "full-of-jumps" bass were the preferred light tackle target. We can all remember when big, soft-bodied, sluggish bass (the kind now sought so avidly by the live bait, prize-conscious fraternity) were spurned by the dyed in the wool sports fisherman.

A 5-pound bass brings smiles to two sports fishermen. This fish would be a disappointment to many of the live bait, contest minded anglers.



Our fisheries biologists assure us that sports fishing pressure on bass spawning beds is not detrimental to game fish populations. I'm willing to concede they know more about this subject than I. No one, however, could convince me that fishing a live shiner on a bass spawning bed is sport. I suppose sports fishing can be measured in degrees. If so, then the starting point must surely be the spawning bed, live bait fisherman.

I have a friend who is a sportsman and conservationist by any yardstick, but he turns to live bait once each year when the speckled perch are full of ginger in the spring. He fishes the St. Lucie Canal, using a spinning rig with 6-lb. line and tiny, fresh-water, grass shrimp for bait. These he catches in a net in the shallow, weed-choked water at the canal's edge. Ernie would be the first to admit he'd rather catch them on flies and that it would be more sporting to do so, but he wants these fish to eat and knows from experience that using these small grass shrimp will assure a full stringer in the shortest possible time.

The nice point of distinction here is that the small, grass shrimp is a natural and delectable food for specks. Offering these on a tiny hook attached to an almost invisible line is effective but hardly in the same degree of "sport" that using an artificial fly tied to resemble a live, grass shrimp would be.

This turning to live bait in the interest of efficiency seems to be a national trend. On the trout streams of the north, worm fishermen outnumber artificial lure anglers at least 25 to one. Perhaps 100 to one would be closer to the mark. The current issue of an outdoor magazine is a good example of why this should be.

This magazine is the official publication of a famous sports fishing organization. I would expect this group to be particularly vigilant in guarding the foundations of good sportsmanship and our natural resources. It is, therefore, distressing for me to note that in this magazine,



An expert caster drops a plug in a little hole in the brush. Is this kind of fishing on the way out?

they feature an article extolling the virtues of worm fishing.

The author describes in this yarn an experience on opening day of trout season, when he had trouble making connections, presenting his assortment of artificial flies. He describes in lyrical detail his feelings as the miracle of a northern spring comes to a point of joyous release on the cold waters of a rushing trout stream. In fact, he eloquently describes everything except what made him hide a box of worms in his tackle kit in the first place.

To make a sad story short, the author finally used the worms to take a couple of trout, after his efforts as a "purist" failed. The point of the story seems to be that the magic spell of this opening day would have been ruined by an empty creel and that his first but futile efforts with artificials somehow made the later using of worms acceptable. This is a sort of "purification by frustration" theory. I got the impression the writer was beating his breast in public in an effort to ease his conscience. My further guess would be that someone caught him using the garden hackle. It's a sad day when a big sports fishing organization urges worm fishing on trout streams and calls it sport.

Nimrods Different

Hunters seem to have developed a more rigid code of ethics in their definition of "sportsmanship." I have never heard of a "hunting contest," where the biggest turkey or buck won a new automobile. I somehow don't believe the hunters would stand for it.

As a matter of fact, sportsmanship among hunters seems to mean giving the game as much opportunity as possible to survive. I am not a hunter, but I understand baiting fields with natural food, such as cracked corn, is frowned on by quail, dove, and turkey hunters.

Duck hunters, for example, are not allowed to use live decoys but must depend on artificial lures to bring in the birds. Further, I hear that recordings of real bird calls are illegal, the hunters being forced to use artificial means to imitate the calls. Purely from an aesthetic point of view, a hunter would be socially ostracized if he shot a couple of parent quail sitting on a nest of eggs.

Applying the live bait principle to hunting would certainly make most hunting more productive. It is only the hunters' own ingrained ideas of sportsmanship that make

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WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

HAVE YOU DECIDED where to send your boy or girl to camp? This is the month that school lets out and the month for introducing your youngster to the great outdoors. If you have been wondering where to send your child, why not write for our brochure of camping activities. Applications may be obtained by writing to 205 West Adams Street, Ocala, Florida. Here are the camping periods for this summer at the Youth Conservation Camp:

June 28-July 11, Girls, two weeks, ages 9-16; July 12-18, boys, week, ages 8-12; July 19-25, boys, week, ages 8-12; July 26-August 8, boys, two weeks, aged 8-12; August 9-15, boys, week, ages 13-16; and August 16-22, boys, week, ages 8-12.

Remember, don't wait! Write today.

The Youth Conservation Camp holds a full membership in the American Camping Association. Camp Guard is our insurer for all campers.

Adult Advisory Council

At this first meeting of the Adult Advisory Council it was of paramount interest that powers and responsibilities be determined. In the two-day session these responsibilities were agreed upon:

To pioneer and create new clubs. To provide liaison between clubs and the League and the League and the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Chief of Youth Education Section. To study ways and means of raising funds to complete present campsite and to complete two other proposed camps. To recommend program and program procedures to

the Youth Conservation Club League. To accept donations of money, materials and equipment. To recommend new campsites. To visit clubs. To negotiate working relationship with the P. T. A., school boards, civic groups, etc., for the better understanding of the need for a conservation education program for our youth in Florida. To establish greater public relations with the general public in informing them of the program and its service to our youth. To counsel all advisors and counselors in the field. To assist individually all new committees or clubs needing help. To accept all donations on behalf of the League. (All checks being made out to the Youth Conservation Camp Fund.) To prepare a general booklet that would be used as a worksheet for advisors. And others.

The Council also recommended the use of khaki uniforms for all

council members to be equipped for proper identification in travel, etc. It was also recommended: That the khaki be the official uniform for all League affiliates. That a letter of progress on each club member be sent to the parents periodically. That the League make every effort to obtain more publicity. That the officers for the Advisory Council be elected at its next meeting, to be held along with the Eighth Annual Conference of the Youth Conservation Club League on June 13 and 14, 1959, Stuart, Florida.

Final business of the Council was to select the Outstanding Junior Conservationist for 1598 from nominations sent in by the various clubs throughout the state. Paul Carter, of the Allapattah Optimist Junior Conservation Club of Miami was selected for this honor.

Members of the Adult Advisory Council are: Mrs. James Ross, St. Augustine; Mr. Bob Gottron, Stuart; Mr. Gene Gallant, Ocala; Mr. Bob Mitchell, Orlando; Mr. Allen Powell, Shady Grove; Mr. Herb Mayhew, Miami; Mr. Howard McBride, Hialeah; Mr. Russ Mason, Maitland; Mr. Dade Thornton, Miami; Mr. Dick Sims, Leesburg; Mr. Ralph Tompkins, Land O'Lakes; and Denver Ste. Claire, Ocala.

At this meeting Ray Norton re-
(Continued on page 39)



Newly elected officers of the Bartow Junior Conservation Club are, from left: Robert Blackmon, Secretary; Bobby Quall, Asst. Secretary; Joel Bennett, Vice President; Doyle Hill, President; and Michael Ray, Treasurer. Mr. B. L. Timmons, sponsor and adult advisor of the club, is standing behind Joel Bennett.



By CHARLES WATERMAN

THE FOLLOWING REPORT regarding fresh water seining was issued to clubs of the Florida Wildlife Federation by Dr. H. R. Wilber, president:

Most of us are aware of the controversy between the Game Commission personnel, the state administration and the fishermen, both commercial and sport varieties in Putnam County. Information by way of newspapers and by Game Commission releases has been conflicting.

Several years ago hundreds of sportsmen converged upon Tallahassee one day to implore the Game Commission to remove commercial seining practices from the fresh waters of the State of Florida. This accomplished, new problems arose when it was found that our Game Commission had no control over the seining of salt water varieties in the fresh waters of the state and as a consequence there has allegedly been a continuous fresh water fish bootlegging operation in which Florida's fresh water scale fish are being shipped north together with the legal catfish taken on trot lines and traps in certain areas of the state.

There has been no letup in the clamor by commercial interests for a return of the seining program because of the facility of harvest by this method over any other type of commercial fish acquisition. Illegal fishing by electrical shocking devices has become widespread as has the use of nets of such structure as to make it possible that they be used in some type of seine in motion.

The Game Commission has been put upon repeatedly to permit seining under the implication that it is

the most valuable method of rough fish control although the Game Commission study proved otherwise. A recent test comparing the efficiency of a seine versus poisoning methods of rough fish control was conducted in Lake George and showed the poisoning methods of rough fish control to be many, many times superior to that of seining and the Game Commission has agreed to introduce a rough fish control program dictated by its research and statistical findings and contrary to its better judgment has agreed to spend its funds in the procurement and release of thousands of bass fingerlings in the Lake George area, which has always been one of the finest spawning areas in the world.

Conferences with the chairman and director of the Game Commission and the Governor reveals that much of the mail received by them has been critical of the Game Commission because of the discontinuation of the seining program and advocating its reinauguration. The president of the Federation was notified that no mail opposing the seining resumption has been received even though the papers have been full of the controversy involving several fresh water areas of our state. These gentlemen, guiding the destinies of conservation regarding sport fishing in our fresh waters, have given many requests that mailings be urged from as many people as possible voicing their sentiments as regards the use of seines in fresh water of Florida.

Annual Meeting

Daytona Beach's Daytona Plaza hotel has been chosen as the site of

the annual meeting of the Florida Wildlife Federation. This year's convention will be held Sept. 12 and 13, which is the week preceding the international meeting to be held at Clearwater.

Detailed plans for the session were discussed at a regional meeting in Miami Beach May 18. That was a joint session with representatives of Southeastern Fisheries.

It is believed by the committeemen that the attendance at the Florida meeting will be augmented by out-of-state visitors on their way to Clearwater. Hotel rates will be \$8 single and \$10 double.

New Game Fish?

Wildlife Federation officers and representatives of the Southeastern Fisheries have discussed legislation for the purpose of declaring several salt water species as game fish. The fish concerned are of no commercial value and are not generally considered food fish.

Dr. H. R. Wilber, Federation president, explained that barracuda, for example, are not prized as food and are not sold commercially but are excellent sports fish. He said declaring them a game fish would help to prevent useless waste. Some anglers kill great quantities of non-edible fish for no other reason than to make a "showing" at the dock after a salt water fishing trip.

Other species mentioned were tarpon, bonefish and jack crevalle. Of these, tarpon are almost never eaten. Bonefish, although satisfactory as to taste, are so bony that they are generally considered worthless in the United States. Jack crevalle are seldom eaten although palatable when correctly prepared—a procedure generally considered too much trouble.

"If you can't use it, kill it and throw it away," is an adage followed by too many thoughtless anglers, Dr. Wilber pointed out. If the seldom eaten fish were designated game fish they could come under rules and regulations that would protect them. ●



By EDMUND McLAURIN

THIS MONTH'S FIREARMS section will cover several gun subjects which seem to be of pertinent interest to readers. Repeated letters and inquiries culminating from personal field contacts have indicated a general interest in the titles; hence, their attempted information treatment. . . .

Storing Idle Guns

Safe summer storage of hunting firearms seems to be a statewide problem to many readers.

Unlike this Gun Editor, who much prefers to keep favorite guns working year around, many shooters customarily store their hunting weapons during the summer months instead of using them for beneficial between-seasons practice.

In our humid climate, even well greased firearms in careful storage should be given periodic examination to see that every speck of metal is continually protected by an unbroken oil film.

It is an easy matter to examine outside surfaces, and then wipe off both wood and metal with an almost dry oily cloth, but it is not always easy to inspect the bore. The usual procedure is to open the gun's breech and hold the barrel up to the light for examination. Other owners prefer to hold a shiny coin, or even one's thumbnail, in the breech so that light is picked up and reflected along the barrel's interior. Usually, such barrel examinations are superficial and inadequate — for two reasons: (1) Insufficient and uneven light inside the barrel for proper viewing, and (2) existence of previously deposited oil and subsequently accumulated dust particles that may or may not hide developed barrel blemishes.

For truly accurate inspection, gun bores should first be wiped free of all traces of oil and grease. (When necessary to clean from muzzle-end, always use thumb and index finger of one hand as a cleaning rod guide, or use a plastic Protect-a-Bore — a device that centers the cleaning rod in the gun bore, thus preventing any contact with the rifling at muzzle-end.)

Best method of getting revealing light into a gun bore is through use of a special purpose, tiny flashlight having a light-carrying, curved Lucite tube. The tube is inserted in either gun barrel or breech and a push-button switch pressed to give adequate, full length interior illumination for critical eye examination from the other end. Even the most minute barrel defect or deposited dust particle can be seen.

The little barrel-examining light, complete with standard pen-size

flashlight battery and bulb, can be had from Mighton's, P. O. Box 1283, Tulsa 1, Oklahoma. The price is \$1.50.

In instances where firearms will be subjected to long storage, this Gun Editor recommends application of Gard Anti-Rust Spray, after they have first been carefully cleaned and wiped free of all acid-retaining fingerprints. The aerosol solution sprays into every part and crevice as an oil; dries to a light but tenacious grease that gives lasting protection. However, mineral spirits will readily remove the deposited greasy film when guns are taken from storage for hunting season use.

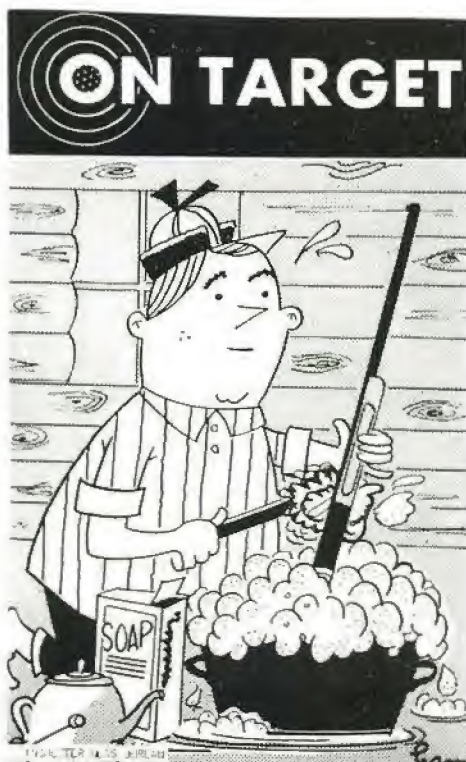
Indoor Ranges

How and where to set up a safe indoor firing range seems to be the interest and objective of numerous readers of MUZZLE FLASHES. In some instances, personal home firing practice is the goal; in others, organized groups wish to establish and maintain an indoor range where .22 caliber shooting can be done one or two nights a week.

In every community, there is usually one or more places where indoor range facilities can be set up for either 50 or 75 ft. distance firing of .22 caliber weapons. Provided the range is constructed and operated with safety the paramount consideration, a suitable site can usually be obtained.

During the last war, this Gun Editor coached groups of marksmen chosen by the War Dept. to receive

Keep your guns clean, but don't wear them out in cleaning. Run an oily rag through the barrel, wipe off the outside with lightly oiled cloth, and once in a blue moon, remove lead deposits with gauze cleaner or soft bristle brush dipped in powder solvent.



special schooling for smallarms instructorships.

A public school gymnasium was used for practice firing between regular scheduled athletic activities. This was accomplished by designing roller bases for the heavy bullet-traps, so they could be quickly wheeled into and removed from active service. The school's wrestling and tumbling mats were utilized at the firing point for more comfortable shooting.

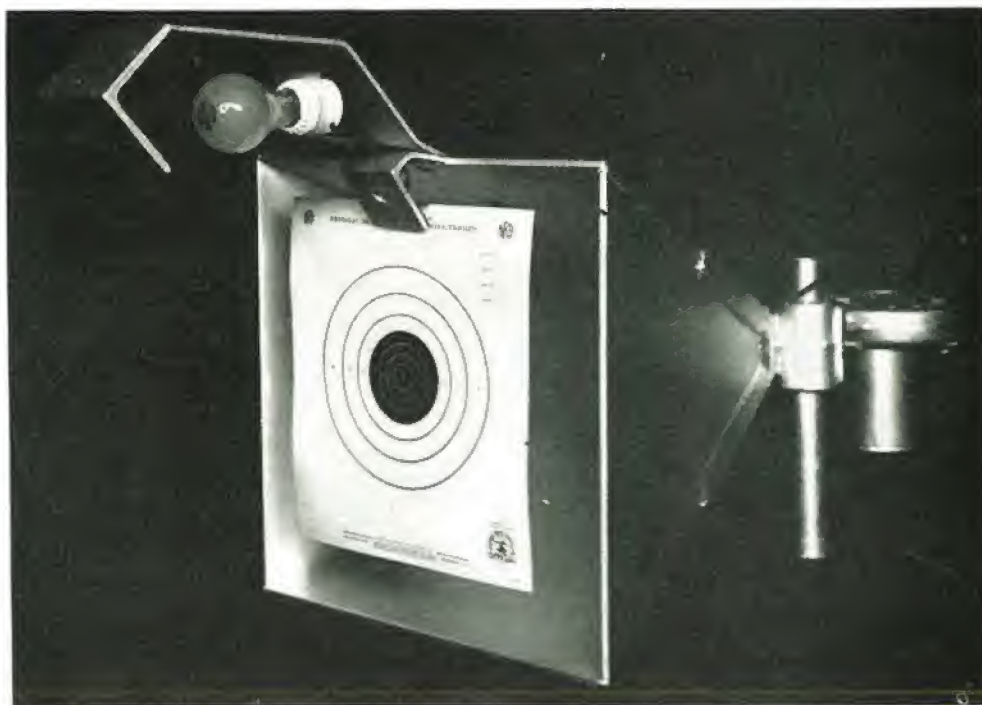
Safety was achieved by locking all side-entrance doors, and also by rigging up a switch-controlled electrical safety device whereby all lights at the targets would automatically go out if a door were opened or anyone should attempt to find better spectator position on the sidelines instead of rightly behind the firing point. In all, 411 persons fired more than half a million shots on the indoor range without an accident or near accident of any kind.

Two types of bullet-traps are commercially available—a type that catches fired bullets and dissipates their energy by centrifugal force, and an impact type that stops bullets when they hit a steel plate and deflects remaining particles into a sandbox or lead receiving reservoir. Either type can be used singly or in multiple arrangement, with and without attached light brackets.

X-Ring Products Co., Pekin, Illinois, makes the centrifugal style bullet-trap in both table and pedestal models. The University of Florida, Memphis City Schools, Georgia Military College and the Missouri State Highway Patrol are among Southern users of X-Ring type indoor range equipment.

The impact type bullet-trap finds practical, convenient representation in the portable Sheridan models, made in several sizes by Sheridan Products, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin. One listing, although portable, will safely stop .38 caliber pistol bullets. The Sheridan is also widely used.

When such commercial traps—of already established safety factor—are utilized for planned indoor ranges, it is generally not too diffi-



The X-Ring centrifugal bullet-trap is available in both table and pedestal styles. Many Southern schools and shooting clubs are among its users.

cult to obtain permission for nighttime use of a school gym, warehouse or other suitable facility. This is especially true where the planned range is to be set up and operated under the procedure recommended by the National Rifle Association, supplemented with sensible insurance written to cover the results of any possible property damage or personal injury to any of the range's users or spectators.

Shotgun Shell Reloading

A year ago—for the June 1958 issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE*—this Gun Editor wrote an illustrated feature article devoted to home reloading of shotgun shells. "Shoot—Then Shoot Again" primarily stressed the fun and economy associated with shotshell reloading, and covered basic equipment needs.

Although photos of six successive stage reloading operations illustrated the text, no attempt was made to make the article a complete primer on reloading. On the contrary, readers were referred to several authoritative books on the subject and to various trade contacts in a position to furnish free, helpful information. Likewise, no particular reloading ing tool was recommended above

others available; leading makes were mentioned, and the shotgun shooter left to make his own comparison and selection.

Evidently, "Shoot—Then Shoot Again" packed a lot of personal appeal. Succeeding months brought many expressions of personal interest in reloading, memorable experiences and existing reloading problems.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE's gun editor recommends that interested local
(Continued on page 41)



The Sheridan bullet-trap is one of several portable, impact type units suitable for indoor firing.



A popular phase of youth conservation activities is the study sessions concerning various forms of wildlife.

Any way that you look at conservation in Florida, you eventually arrive at the idea that true conservation is really in the hands of our youngsters.

The "kids," as we stuffy adults call them, have the necessary energy, ambition and idealism. Truly, the future of conservation is bound firmly into the future of our youth, which is why Youth Conservation Education is so important.

Today, Florida's Youth For Conservation picture is so immense, and of such great importance, that it must be studied carefully to gain even a slight idea of the tremendous strides that our youth are taking "right under our noses."

In all facets of conservation—game and fish, forestry, agriculture, soils and waters and minerals, our youngsters are actively crusading for the conservation, preservation and wise utilization of our natural resources.

Helping the youngsters are organizations of all types—civic groups, educational people, state agencies, youth centers, and just plain volunteers.

Involved in the overall application of the youth for conservation program are professional people—trained for their work—plus hundreds of devoted adults who work without monetary reward, and often without official recognition, because they believe that our future generations must be trained to enjoy and appreciate their wonderful heritages of nature.

This is the first of a series of articles analyzing the many types of youth programs for conservation in Florida. Although any particular article may deal with a specific agency or program, behind the success of each such program are the thousands of "unknowns" who work diligently and tirelessly with and for our youth in the long upward climb to "ultimate success." It is to these that this series of articles is dedicated.

Other articles will be: FFA For Conservation, Scouts for Conservation, 4-H for Conservation, and Conservation in the Cities.

The youth of today are
becoming leaders
in the nation-wide struggle...

FOR BETTER CONSERVATION

By HORACE LOFTIN

YOU CAN'T TEACH US OLD hunters and fishermen many new tricks about game and fish and natural resources. We learned our lessons—for better or worse—when we were kids, and thereafter by trial and costly error. These lessons will stick with us until the last hunt.

But now our kids are coming along, and they are beginning to claim their share of the heritage of wilder-



"Waterfront" activities at the Conservation Camp include instruction on boat handling, water safety, and boating courtesy.

ness. It's up to us oldtimers to see that they learn now—while they're young, while the lessons will stick—all the old things we learned that have proved to be right, and the new things that correct our old mistakes.

The primary job of teaching youth about out-of-doors sportsmanship and conservation belongs, for better or worse, to every boy's "Old Man." A kid is fortunate when his father is an experienced outdoorsman, capable of giving him inspiration and first-hand experience in the ways of the woods. But even then, Dad needs help from time to time.

Less fortunate is the "city boy," who—like all kids—is inherently interested in the out-of-doors, but whose parents by necessity or inclination can't teach him the love and proper use of our natural resources.

The Youth Conservation Education Program of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission was set up by the Information and Education Division expressly to do just these things: to furnish a place Dad can turn to for help; and to afford a means for instructing and inspiring both the "city boy" and "the country boy" to appreciate, enjoy and conserve his share of the state's natural resources.

Toward these ends, the Commission's youth program has developed an array of youth leaders, conservation experts, instructional facilities, encampments, and cooperative efforts with other youth groups that has placed Florida among the leading states in youth conservation education. Florida's outdoor-minded youth has a place to turn to for the best in conservation instruction.

This was not always true, however. The need for such a statewide youth conservation program was long recognized; but it took the ideas, persistence and efforts of many people and of one man especially to bring it into a successful reality.

That special man is Denver Ste. Claire, the energetic supervisor of the Game and Fish Commission's youth program and the inspiring leader of Florida's young people whom he serves.

Denver, with his wit and ready smile, seemed tailor-made for his first job with the Commission as a regional Information and Education Officer. While he was popular with the older sportsmen, he became something of a hero to the kids in his area; and he noted that it was with the youth that he was most successful in getting across the message of good conservation. And, from his previous youth work for the Palm Beach Sheriff's Department, he knew that there is no better way to insure the future of conservation than by teaching and inspiring the young people who will make up Florida's future!



The young outdoorsmen learn to identify members of the animal world through the use of special study skins, pelts, and hides.

So Ste. Claire began to beat trails across the state, button-holing all who would listen about the need for a thorough conservation education program for our youth.

Then one day the Commission decided to launch an official and full-fledged youth conservation education program—with Denver Ste. Claire at the helm. Denver, of course, works with the cooperation and assistance of his fellow Information Officers and many other employees.

The program began to move in 1952, with the first meeting to establish a policy and program for Junior Conservation Clubs and to organize a league of conservation clubs. That same year the first conservation camp was held.

Since that time, the Commission's youth program
(Continued on next page)



Safe gun-handling techniques, and a special course in hunter safety is part of the youth conservation program.



Members of various conservation agencies spend many hours 'afield' with junior sportsmen's clubs and groups.

(Continued from preceding page)

has amassed an enviable record of solid achievement in the field of conservation education, which has been recognized by national and state awards.

The goals of the youth program are clear-cut and to the point. They can be summed up as an all-out effort to instill in Florida's young people an understanding of and responsibility for the wise use of the State's game and fish, forests, soils, water and other irreplaceable natural resources. Also to train them to be good fishermen and hunters in a sportsmanlike manner.

The youth program employs a wide variety of means—from camps and lectures to coveted awards—to challenge and inspire our young people to gain a better understanding of conservation principles and practices. Activities are generally centered around four divisions: (1) Youth Conservation Clubs; (2) the Young Conservation Club League; (3) the Youth Conservation Camp; and (4) the State-wide Youth Education Program. All are embraced under the single title—the Youth Education Section of the Commission's Information and Education Division.

The Conservation Clubs

In cities all over the state, bands of outdoor-minded youngsters are busily amassing merit points so that they may progress through the ranks of Ranger, Forester, Chief Ranger, Chief Forester and Florida Junior Conservationist to the coveted high position of Junior Wildlife Officer. To do this, the young conservationists

must demonstrate their mastery of camping and outdoor lore, as well as complete many projects geared to instruct in an active, exciting way the principles of conservation. It takes 10,000 merit points to become a Ranger—and 100,000 to reach the top: Junior Wildlife Officer.

Thus goes one of the most enthusiastically received phases of the Youth Conservation Club program. Along with the work-fun of earning merit points and carrying out useful conservation projects in their home regions, conservation club kids have a lot of time for pure play at hunting, fishing, camping, hiking and what have you in the out-of-doors. The kids love it and learn by it.

The youth conservation clubs are generally organized by local groups of adults, such as the Rotarians or Lions, for example, and they operate with the full cooperation of the Game and Fish Commission. Any interested adult group can sponsor one of these clubs. Two booklets, "How to Organize a Youth Conservation Club," and "How to Operate a Youth Conservation Club," are available by writing the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. The Commission is glad to lend any advice and assistance it can in getting a new group under way and in helping the established clubs to prosper.

Conservation Club League

It is not necessary for an independently organized Youth Conservation Club to become officially affiliated with the Commission's youth program. But the majority do so and have all met certain high standards, including formal organization with a charter. Such clubs are eligible for membership into the Youth Conservation Club League. The leaders of the League meet once a year along with Commission representatives to set policies, aims and procedures for the affiliated clubs. This is where the best thinking in the state on youth conservation education goes to work on mapping the best possible course of action for a youth program.

In many respects, the activities of the League and of the Commission youth program are inseparable. Included in the League activities is joint supervision and operation with the Commission of the Youth Conservation Camp.

Conservation Camp

The best possible place to teach youth about the out-of-doors is in the out-of-doors! Thus the Commission's Youth Conservation Camp in the Ocala National Forest at Lake Eaton is at the same time the most popular and perhaps the most effective activity of the youth program.

The growth of the camp indicates its success as a tool in conservation education. The first encampment was held at Camp Rotary, Auburndale, in 1952, with 37 boys attending the week of activities. There was a three-week encampment at Auburndale the following

year, 196 boys attending. In 1954, the camp moved to permanent quarters in the Ocala National Forest—made possible by the donations and cooperation of many groups and individuals. That year, there were 240 campers. By 1957, over a 12-weeks period, 1,243 young conservationists attended the camp!

The following year, longer camping sessions were offered, and the total number of campers was held at 842. Now the need is apparent for a new camp in south Florida, to take care of the number of kids clamoring to get in on the fun and the learning.

The Youth Conservation Camp was built by the Game Commission on Lake Eaton, just 21 miles from Ocala. There are 13 permanent buildings, including 10 concrete-block cabins for the younger kids; and a number of tents for older youths. The waterfront is located on a sandy beach with a "T" dock, and the campsite is in a beautiful wooded area.

Camp activities are divided into five periods daily, including riflery, campcraft, wildlife, fishing and waterfront. Emphasis is on safety procedures, how to handle oneself in the wilds, and the appreciation and conservation of the wilderness that they enjoy. The lessons must be fun for the kids, since they come back year after year for a new exposure to good conservation.

Campers range in age from 8 to 16, with the average age 10. Age groups are now generally assigned specific weeks. Two weeks of camp is operated as a Five-Council Girl Scouts Wildlife Campout, and other periods are allotted to girl campers.

Counseling plays a large part in the conservation camp, since it is at the heart of the education program. The camp has been fortunate enough to have an extremely able body of counselors who know conserva-



Through the persistent efforts of Denver Ste. Claire, center, the Junior Conservation Clubs program was firmly established in 1952.

tion and who know how to work with and understand their young charges. The Youth Conservation Camp has been accredited by the American Camping Association. Further information may be obtained by writing to the Game and Fish Commission in Tallahassee.

Statewide Education Program

A vital phase of the Game and Fish Commission's youth program concerns close, helpful relations with schools and other groups interested in training our youth in sound conservation principles. Many statewide organizations, such as the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Future Farmers, Future Foresters, 4-H Clubs and Junior Garden Clubs have active conservation programs. The Commission seeks to aid these worthy groups in any way it can to make their conservation work most effective.

Such assistance may be in the form of special awards offered through the organizations, or the use of training aids, expert lecturers and other facilities.

For example, the Commission sponsors a "Scouting for Conservation" program—such program in cooperation with the Boy Scouts of America in Florida—second in the nation to be officially approved by the national scouting organization. Based on scouting merit badge achievement and the completion of

(Continued on page 36)




A group of qualified counselors supervise all activities and special periods at the Youth Conservation Camp.

Even in the summer you can catch speckled perch on jigs.

Dance A Jig For Crappie

By RUSSELL TINSLEY



SPECKLED PERCH (crappie) were on the feed. I was anchored in the heart of a small lake one hot summer afternoon, dangling live minnows down near bottom and getting a strike almost before the bait had a chance to wiggle. This was a crappie hotspot which pays off regularly. The owner of the private pond had "baited" the spot—anchored bundles of brush to attract the school fish. But the ones I was catching weren't of sufficient size to decorate a stringer.

After a half hour and only two keepers, I decided to try a change of pace which sometimes pays off in larger fish. Rummaging around in my tackle box I came up with a tiny pearl-colored leadhead jig with a fluffy white tail of maribou feathers. Tying this on the business end of my six-pound monofilament line, I dropped it to bottom and raised it up and down. About the third jerk something latched on.

The energetic strike hinted of the fish's size. It yanked the pliant tip of my light-action spinning rod over and cut around to the right in a tight circle. Shortly I had it flouncing on top. It was about twice the size of your hand.

Stringing the fish, I lowered the bait to bottom again, jigged it a half dozen times and another perch nabbed it. This one was a twin to the first.

I caught six almost in the time it takes to tell it before I snagged the jig on an underwater limb and broke it off. There wasn't another one in my tackle box.

A week later I was anchored at the same spot with almost identical results. The smaller crappie were going wild over the succulent minnows. I'd pick up

an occasional larger one, but they were few and far between.

This time I was prepared. In my shirt pocket was a plastic box bulging with tiny white feathered jigs. I tied one on and jigged it down near bottom. After five minutes without action my enthusiasm dimmed. Fifteen minutes later it had died completely. I couldn't beg a strike on the jig, yet when I switched back to minnows I continued to catch perch.

After a few days my curiosity got the best of me. I returned to the private lake to give the jig still another chance. This time I even carried a few black and yellow ones, thinking they might possibly work should white fail. Although I caught a few straggler crappie on minnows, I didn't get a single strike on the jigs.

It was perhaps a week later in town when I crossed paths with the man who owns the lake. "You should have been out at the speckled perch spot with me yesterday afternoon," he said. "I got a nice string of big ones."

I was almost afraid to ask. "What did you catch 'em on?"

"White jigs," he answered matter-of-factly.

Jigs? It was perplexing, all right, but nothing unusual. Had this been my first experience with speckled perch and jigs, I would have been completely in the dark. But it was the usual confusing pattern. At times crappie will fight to get at a jig, on others they ignore it as if it carried some plague. Why? I wish I knew. If I did, perhaps I could figure out some

Here is something
special for
year-round speckled
perch fishing



Note the leadhead with the feather tail that this crappie took.

predictable plan whereas I could catch bragging-size strings of perch consistently.

But jig fishing for crappie, at its best, is a hit-or-miss proposition. I guess if a person caught speckled perch every time he tried artificials, it would take the suspense and challenge from the sport. The one good thing about jigging for crappie is that it is no halfway proposition. You'll usually catch lots of fish or none at all.

As anyone who has fished for crappie well knows, the ordinary minnow can't be beat for speckled perch. Now the minnow is okay, but I'd rather catch one fish on an artificial than I had three on a minnow. When I go after crappie earnestly, I am never without minnows, well knowing that I can't buck tradition. But tucked into a pocket is a box of jigs which I always give a fair shake.

Every once in a while the jig is the secret for catching perch in a big way. I sort of look at it as a rare bonus of speckled perch fishing, one that is worth waiting for.

Another nice thing about a jig is that it usually will catch larger perch than the run-of-the-mill school fish taken on minnows. If you chance upon a time when the perch prefer jigs, then you'll usually get mom and pop and the grandparents. The hungry youngsters don't seem to have an eye for a piece of lead with a dancing feather tail.

The speckled perch is a prolific fish. Unless a body of water is heavily fished, crappie will soon overpopulate it. The eventual result is an astronomical number of stunted fish. Yet there will be a few big ones scattered amongst the retarded clan. The problem is getting one of the jumbos interested in your bait before one of the hungry youngsters can snatch it.

When a tempting minnow is served in the midst of a crappie family, everyone crowds around the dinner table with no regard for manners toward the elders. The slower, more wary crappie which have

survived several years in the everlasting struggle for survival of the piscatorial world won't be as anxious to rush in and gobble something quickly. Consequently, by the time one has made up its mind to feed, the minnow is lodged in the gullet of one of the kids.

Should a larger crappie decide to eat, it can neatly carve a minnow off a hook without the angler realizing what is happening, unless he is a veteran crappie fisherman with a feather-light touch. There is a wealth of know-how needed to catch big speckled perch consistently. Mostly, it requires a deft "feel" since a big fish may lift the minnow to slip it off the hook, never betraying its bite with a telltale downward tug.

An excellent crappie fisherman I know uses a slim quill bobber when fishing. When at rest the bobber is straight up, but the minute the fisherman sees it tilt even as little as an eighth of an inch, he strikes. Gets a lot of large crappie this way, too. What happens, he explains, is that the big perch is approaching from below, raising the minnow delicately as it cuts it off.

But when the perch make up their minds to tackle a jig, they abandon much of this dainty touch. They hit the moving bait with gusto. This, as far as I'm concerned, is the ultimate in crappie fishing.

There are several theories as to why a crappie prefers a jig. For one, the white leadhead with the feather tail closely resembles the minnow, the crappie's favorite food. Another is that most crappie are caught within a foot or two of bottom. A jig can be worked properly in this vicinity, and at the ultra-slow speed needed to catch crappie. The perch is a lazy fish that seldom generates enough energy to wallop a fast-moving lure.

(Continued on page 37)



GO — — — BUT

By EDMUND McLAURIN

A good example of 'confusing sameness' is the Florida Everglades. Lost persons can expect to make eventual contact but it is practical to know how to find your way out alone.

REMEMBER A TIME WHEN YOU were hunting or fishing and suddenly realized, "By golly, I'm lost!"? Sheepishly or otherwise, most of us must truthfully admit to that experience on one occasion or another.

There is no evidence to support the assumption that man possesses the same homing instinct credited to many birds and certain fish! On the contrary, even experienced woodsmen can get lost—it happens to someone, somewhere, every day.

Nationwide, a great deal of time, energy and expense goes into searches for persons who accidentally get lost in the woods. Anxious friends and cooperating public agencies often spend hours and sometimes days searching for an otherwise responsible person who has failed to follow a few simple rules of conduct connected with getting lost. Incidents have happened right here in Florida.

There is no reason why your name should be added to the list of those experiencing such misfortune. With foresight, and on-the-scene clear thinking, it won't be. You can get lost—yes!—but with personal know-how, it won't be for long or of serious consequence.

Especially is this true of getting lost in Florida. Because Florida is such an attractive state scenically, people are constantly exploring its forests and waters. In only a few very remote areas can a lost person wander for days without making contact with someone. Even the remote sections of the Everglades and the Ten Thousand Islands, where confusing sameness exists, are now traveled by countless pleasure craft.

Similarly, the Ocala National Forest area, for example, contains several hundred thousand acres of wilderness scrub and pine timber land, but is now crisscrossed by numerous access roads. Seldom will a lost person have to walk more than six miles in any direction without coming out on one of these sure paths to civilization.

Appropriately to our modern age
of easy transportation, the
recreational tempo is to go places.
Make sure you know
how to get back just as easily

There are a number of precautions you can take against the possibility of getting lost — in Florida or anywhere.

First, always let family or friends know where you're going, the approximate length of your stay, planned time of return and of any contingents that might cause later change of itinerary.

Just before hitting the trail that leads to real wilderness, take time to leave word with someone you know, or the game warden or country storekeeper, where you will be and when you expect to come out of the woods. Then, if something happens and a search is necessary, a logical start can be made.

Also take time to orient yourself and pocket compass in regard to general directions and related location of camp before taking to the woods alone. If you wish, you can blaze a trail by marking trees or breaking branches along your course, to make for an easy return. Particularly observe landmarks ahead of and behind you as you travel.

On other than picnics and bridge-fishing trips to familiar local spots, make it an inviolable practice to carry a map as well as an accurate compass. Availability of the combination, and sensible use, will make you master of any confusing directional situation. Having both map and compass on your person is especially important when entering unknown terrain. . . . There are few places left in the United States that have not been repeatedly mapped, yet people continue to ven-

For woods' safety, habitually carry a compact, personal emergency kit containing the items pictured. All will pack in a tobacco tin or similar pocket size container.

COME BACK

ture into strange sections without local maps as reference aids. . . . Getting lost in really big wilderness country can be a serious matter. This is why you can't legally go hunting in Alaska without a licensed guide.

While the top of a map is usually its north side, it is not always so. Some maps indicate true north by an arrow or some other explanatory designation.

Mapmakers know that the point of a compass needle does not really align itself with true north, because the north magnetic pole is about 1,400 miles distant from the North Pole.

They know, too, that the north magnetic pole is slowly moving north-westward, and that the magnetic declination in both the western and eastern United States will change in time.

Here in Florida a compass needle actually points slightly to the west of true north, but only to a negligible extent—possibly two degrees—and the U. S. Coast Guard and Geodetic Survey people advise that such slight declination may be disregarded when reading a compass of the type carried by the average sportsman. They caution, however, against attempting an accurate reading while standing on a railroad track bed or when the compass is near one's gun, axe or even close to a metal belt buckle. If possible, place the compass on the ground away from all metal, let its needle come to rest and then check its reading.

Due to the jars and jolts associated with their transportation, compasses do get out of order occasionally. If you suspect that yours is faulty, pre-field test it to see if the needle repeatedly settles down to the same direction. If it finally points in the same direction on successive tests, the compass can be said to be working



properly. Another test is to place a second compass a few feet from the first and compare needle performance of the two.

When traveling by car through unfamiliar wilderness territory, or even on marked city streets, it is surprising how easy it is — especially at night — to lose one's sense of direction. An auto compass mounted on the metal divider of your windshield will indicate your direction at all times. A floating-type dial swings to each new direction of travel every time you turn, and comes to rest on straight-away runs.

There are several good auto compasses on the market, including softly illuminated models that can be read in the dark. But all require accurate, initial adjustment to a "North" or "South" setting.

A car left on a woods road can often be difficult to locate later, especially if the road takes a winding course or if the terrain is hilly. Even when you return to the right road, there is often the question, "Where's the car?" . . . If you're parking on, or close to, a roadway lined with telegraph poles, walk over and note the serial number on the one nearest the car and the number of the pole next in line. Jot down this information and tuck the slip in your billfold or hatband. Since all poles of telegraph lines are numbered, you can quickly locate your car's direction by checking the number sequence of the nearest poles when you come out on the same road at some unfamiliar point.

Knowing the length of your average stride and your normal rate of walking can be helpful in woods' travel.

Especially determine how far you walk with normal stride each minute of travel. (Generally, you will take slightly longer steps afield than on city streets.) Measure both the length of your stride and its rate by walk-
(Continued on next page)

Memorize these three aerial search signals in case you should ever need to use them in the woods.

I

Require
Doctor
Serious
Injury

F

Need
Food
and
Water

K

Indicate
Direction
to
Proceed



For reasons of safety, each hunter should know where companions will be hunting, and the hour all should return to the parked car.

(Continued from preceding page)

ing straight across fairly soft ground for one minute, counting your steps and later measured the distance covered. You can thereafter estimate walked distances by either your walking time or counted steps. Timbermen figure on about 2,000 paces to the mile on uneven ground, and a leisurely walking rate of three miles per hour.

This information is particularly valuable when you are afield during late afternoon hours, for you can better estimate required return travel time and avoid the possibility of darkness catching you far from camp.

A pedometer will tell you how far you walk — but not always accurately directionwise, because it also records every side and back step you may take en route as you necessarily by-pass obstacles along your course of travel.

Binoculars are standard gear with many sportsmen; many available models are light in weight and compact. They are a great help, and save many unnecessary steps by a lost person attempting to orient his whereabouts by studying surrounding landmarks.

Boat compasses and navigation charts help make water travel easy for owners of small craft. Make sure that you know basic facts about most practical routes of travel in relation to numbered or colored buoys, channel markers and other directional aids that dot our inland and coastal waters and navigation charts.

Carry marine distress rockets and emergency signal flares. They cost little. Store the flares inside several plastic bags to keep them fresh and waterproof. Don't overlook storing a good supply of kitchen type matches with the signal flares. Carefully seal the matches in waterproof plastic, too.

For land use, habitually carry a compact, personal emergency kit containing wax-dipped matches, tiny candle or other fire kindler, new single-edge razor blade in its wrapper, small vial of iodine, several Band-aids,

small map, compass, whistle and a few vitamin and water purifying tablets. You can pack all the named items in a discarded tobacco tin or similar pocket size container.

Up to this point, only common sense precautions against NOT getting lost have been discussed. . . . But suppose you're already lost and acutely conscious of it! . . .

First of all, don't panic. You're not going to starve to death. You're sure to find your way out or be found before the situation gets that serious. By keeping calm, you can review your path of travel, conserve your energy and quite probably orient yourself in a very short time.

If you are in hilly country, walk to the nearest crest, climb a tree and look around. Frequently, one can spot familiar or guiding landmarks.

Lacking a compass, you can make your watch do the job of pointing to a principal directional point if it is accurate to Standard Time.

Place the watch level on the ground or on a tree stump, face up. Hold a straight stick upright at the outer edge of the watch, at the end of the hour hand's momentary position. Rotate the watch until the shadow cast by the upright stick falls directly along the hour hand — which will point toward the sun when the stick's shadow is superimposed.



Binoculars are standard gear with many sportsmen; many available models are light in weight and compact. They are a great help and save many unnecessary steps by a person attempting to orient his whereabouts by studying surrounding landmarks.



In compasses, Florida sportsmen have many styles and makes from which to select a personal instrument. Whatever your preferred type, get a good one.

In the morning, South will be halfway between the hour hand and the watch's "12" numeral, forward. In the afternoon, South will be half way between the hour hand and the "12" numeral, backward. At exactly noon, when the sun is both almost overhead and at its most southerly point for the day, South would lie directly along the watch's hour hand at its noon position.

There are other natural signs that can be helpful in figuring out general directions. Moss may or may not tend to grow on the north side of examined trees, but bark is usually thicker and tree growth rings wider apart on the north or northeast side of *old* trees.

Set a straight course of travel by lining up two trees and walking toward them. Just before reaching the first, line up a new landmark with the remaining one and repeat, to keep traveling in a fairly straight line.

Flowing creeks and rivers usually lead to civilization, but if their courses are followed too closely, can lead you into treacherous swamps. Look for by-passing trails or more logical routes in the same direction.

Encountered animal trails, especially cattle trails, are apt to wander aimlessly. Before following them far, observe closely to see if there are any signs — tree blazes, or bottles or tin cans — which indicate use of the path by man.

Should you wander into an area that has been logged, look for signs of an old "tote" road, over which timber and camp supplies were once moved.

Three spaced shouts of "Help!", three whistle blasts and three timed shots from a gun are all standard signals of distress, but they must be made judiciously. It is foolish to yell so loudly and prolongedly that one's voice fails, or fire gunshots in a heavily hunted area where such sounds are normally expected.

A metal whistle weighs little when carried in a pocket, yet blasts blown by a person in distress can be heard a long way. Whistles are also an excellent means of communication between two persons hunting or fishing the same area, if simple signals are agreed upon in advance.

A daytime smudge fire that gives off rising clouds of thick smoke will attract wardens in areas where fires are prohibited. If you decide to resort to this means of signaling for help, be careful not to start a fire and then leave it, or build one you cannot control. Throw damp wood or green leafy branches on your signal fire to make a dense smoke. If you have a coat or blanket you can control the smoke from a small fire so that it rises in regulated puffs. Wet the coat or blanket if you can. Three successive puffs, breaking an otherwise steadily rising smoke column, constitutes a help call recognized by experienced woodsmen.

The situation will call for a bit more time and ingenuity only if you find yourself without usable matches or cigarette lighter. . . .

Using suitable tinder, almost anyone can start a fire from sparks created by striking the edge of a closed pocket knife, or a piece of steel, against a stone. The secret lies in advance preparation of a fluffy mass of pulverized dry bark, grasses and cotton threads

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Trouble's

By BEN GALLOWAY
as told to J. O. PAINE



"Trouble — A perfect specimen of Walker Hound —"

IT WAS A COLD JANUARY DAY when we paid our last respects to Trouble, the best fox and deer dog I have ever seen on a trail in my 40 years of hunting.

I had invited a few of my friends who, for the past 10 years, had listened to Trouble's high tenor voice leading the pack through the gum and palmetto woods that close in on the Wacissi and Aucilla Rivers in North Florida.

They drove up in a car to my farm along the wire-grass and pine tree country of south Georgia and stopped on the edge of the woods. Nobody spoke as the men walked up to a mound of dirt that had been turned so recently it was still damp.

Trouble's sinewy black and white body, offset with tan ears—a perfect specimen of Walker hound—was wrapped in the hide of a deer killed on his last hunt near Perry, Fla. I looked at Lonnie Ladson. He was kind of white around the nostrils as he was the day when he was told about the black bear that charged his uncle, J. E. Ladson, in the river swamp. I saw that he had his deer horn slung over his shoulder just as he had two days before when Trouble was killed on his last hunt.

As they all stood around looking at the deer hide, I raised my gun to my shoulder and fired toward the top of a tall pine tree. The blast was still echoing through the woods when I reached for the corpse.

The dog's body was stiff and I strained a little lowering it into the ground. Lonnie blew three long blasts on his hunting horn and I straightened up. If Trouble could have heard, his heart would have skipped a beat

for three blasts on the horn signalled that a deer had been killed. No dog ever took more pride in seeing a kill or showed more disgust when a hunter missed his shot.

It was in a broom sedge field not more than 100 yards from where we were burying him that Trouble first showed he was no ordinary piece of hound flesh. I was preparing a float for a pet parade and the theme of it was "The Hunt." I wanted to show a small boy hunting rabbits in a broom sedge field with his dog and with a dead rabbit slung over his shoulder.

I had everything but the rabbit and was about ready to go into the broom sedge with my shotgun. But I found out I didn't have to. Trouble came trotting out of the broom sedge with a dead rabbit hanging limply between his jaws. How did he know I wanted a rabbit? It was as if some extra-sensory communication—the kind that all good dogs have—had told him.

Back in Moultrie, Ga., where I live, there is a businessman who has a reputation for integrity. You know he'll do anything he promises and that he doesn't speak until he is sure of what he says. For those who hunted behind Trouble—J. E. Ladson, John Galloway, Lonnie Ladson and A. J. Price—that dog had built up a reputation. Through the years they came to know that when Trouble's high tenor voice spoke, they could believe what he said.

When Trouble was one year old—that was in 1948—I turned him over to Dan Sellars of Colquitt County, Ga., one of South Georgia's best fox and deer dog trainers. His prediction was that Trouble had great possibilities as a fox and deer dog.

Trouble showed this to be true on his first hunt. John Galloway, Lonnie Ladson and A. J. Price put Trouble in with a pack of older hounds. They were not out of the truck good before the dogs struck a fox. The fox led the dogs into a swamp but they stayed on the trail, everyone yelping like he was about to pounce on the prey at any minute.

The dogs came out of the swamp at the other end and started up a small rise. Near the top of the hill Trouble separated from the pack and started back toward the hunters, his voice sounding high and shrill

Last Hunt

He will never be forgotten by
the many hunters
who listened to him on the trail.

in the clear October air. One of the men called out, "Catch that darned dog, he is after a rabbit." Trouble's voice sounded closer as he came back through the swamp. About 25 yards from the hunting party he hushed.

For the next few minutes the men heard nothing but the voice of the pack in the distance. Then Trouble came up. The men could see in the moonlight that the young dog had not come back empty-handed. He was carrying something between his jaws and, as he got closer, they could tell it was no rabbit. While the older hounds were off in the distance following a cold trail, Trouble laid a fox at the feet of the hunters. From that time on, Trouble carried a lot of weight with the men. When he spoke, they believed.

Trouble was one fox dog who never was known to run the back track. He never got hung on a fence, nor did he ever lose his way. He always would return to the place where he was put out.

After Trouble had spent two or three years running foxes, we trained him to hunt deer. His first hunt was on the J. E. Ladson place at Nutall Rise on the Aucilla River between Perry and St. Marks. This is the country of tall, shadowy gum trees spaced among thick growths of palmettos. The sameness of it is sometimes broken by pecan and magnolia trees garnered with dripping Spanish moss.

Mr. Ladson led Trouble into the woods with two well-trained deer hounds. The hounds almost immedi-

ately struck a deer and Trouble looked to Mr. Ladson. He didn't have to speak. Mr. Ladson knew the dog was pleading, "Turn me loose, I want to get in on the fun."

Trouble packed in as had been his custom with the fox dogs and the three soon jumped a deer. The other two headed down along the bank of the Aucilla River, but Trouble came back with his tenor voice in full cry. I had heard that voice too many times not to believe it now and, as Trouble came nearer, I crouched for the kill. But I was too far away. Mr. Ladson, on the next stand about 200 yards away, downed an eight-point buck with one shot. He blew three long blasts on his horn and Trouble was the first one to get to him. From that time on that dog was the one leading the pack.

Trouble seemed to learn the sound of Mr. Ladson's gun and came to have faith in it. As sure as someone in the party shot several times at a deer that Trouble was running and did not hit it, the dog would become disgusted and go to Mr. Ladson.

Trouble had the persistence of a bill collector when following a wounded deer. I have known him to follow a deer for miles until he found it dead or would finish it off himself. When he knew the animal was dead, Trouble would return to me and start back in the same direction. He did not have to write me a letter. I learned to follow him and have saved many a deer by doing so.

The Aucilla River—about 100 yards wide at Nutall Rise—and the Wacissi River were often the means of escape for a hunted deer. But the rivers were never too wide or swift for Trouble. He would swim across, pick up the scent and continue on the other bank.

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"— A big fat 'coon came
plummeting downward.
It landed like a
cat, feet down,
on Trouble's back."





Juniper Springs in the heart of the Ocala National Forest, one of nature's beauty spots.

SPRING

By CHUCK SCHILLING

THE NARROW RIBBON of water ran swiftly, tree shaded by virgin cypress and pine that towered overhead. We eased the canoe over a fallen log that blocked our passage. We had to lean a little against the cold torrent, boiling around our legs, in order to keep our balance.

Downstream was a small pool. Riding the current, we dropped down to a sand bar at the head of the pool and beached the canoe. Jim reached for his rod, while I was content to watch his casting and admire the play of light and shadow against the breath-taking beauty of our surroundings.

Standing in water ankle deep, Jim made a cast to the shadows of a cypress bole on the far side of

the still water. The tiny plug gurgled enticingly, as Jim started a slow, stop and start retrieve. A bass took the plug in a welter of spray. It jumped once and then again and again, throwing the lure almost to our feet. We sat and talked awhile, letting the little pool rest as we watched the crystal clear waters of Juniper Springs rush past us in a headlong dash to its meeting with Lake George 12 miles away.

Like most outdoorsmen, I have long been fascinated by springs. My first real experience with a spring came many years ago on the banks of the Ohio River. I was on a canoe trip and had camped on the Kentucky side of the river at "Big Sycamore" Spring near the mouth of Whoolper Creek. This was on a stretch of the river between Aurora and Rising Sun, Indiana.

I had set out a trotline to catch catfish, carp, and buffalo, which I, in turn, traded to the nearby farmers for garden produce. It was a good arrangement. My best bait was creek minnows. These I caught using No. 8 thread and a tiny hook, fishing in the cold waters of the creek. The real problem was keeping them alive until needed.

The idea of a spring pool came to me one day as I filled our camp water can. I reasoned I could put a small dam across the spring overflow to make a pool that would hold my bait minnows. I figured the cold water would keep the minnows full of pep and ginger—and I was right—but oh, my poor aching back.

What I had started as an afternoon's job rapidly expanded into a major building project. One thing led to another until at last, I had a dam built of rock and earth 20 ft. across and 4 ft. deep at the middle. I eventually had a pool large enough to swim in, if you could have stood the temperature. I finished it



Rainbow Springs, in the highlands of the Sunshine State, offers hiking trails through deep woodlands, and swimming in the clear crystal springs.

Jim Reed with a high jumping Juniper Creek bass.

MAGIC

If you paddle around some of
Florida's springs with canoe,
rod, and camera,—you'll reap a
reward all out of proportion
to the effort expended

off by transplanting wild ferns and shrubs to hide the scars my industry had made. I'm afraid my spring pool took all my time on that summer vacation, but when I at last surveyed the completed job, I did so with a great deal of lasting satisfaction.

Since that first spring experience, I've always gone out of my way to visit any spring I hear about. My interest in springs inevitably brought me to the world's largest spring at Silver Springs, Florida. This spring is unique in many ways. If all the residents of Florida lived in a single city, the water of Silver Springs would be sufficient for their daily requirements. Over 500 million gallons of pure, cold, sparkling water come from Silver Springs every 24 hours,—water enough to produce the Silver River full-blown from the springhead.

I've visited Silver Springs many times, and recently I stopped there to see my old friend, Ricou Browning. Browning beats the drums for Silver Springs full time and, in his spare moments, exploits his underwater swimming talents, to appear in such movies as "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (Browning was the Creature), "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," and others. While at the springs, I met Jim Reed, who is Information-Education Officer for the Central Region of the Florida Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission.

Jim Reed, like myself, is an old "spring man." In fact, Jim was born and raised a stone's throw from Florida's famous Homosassa Springs. Jim and I were soon comparing spring notes, and from him I learned of Juniper Springs out in the Ocala National Forest, a short drive from Ocala. Before you could say, "Let's go!" we had made arrangements to meet at Juniper Springs the next morning to fish the length of Juniper Creek Run.



Juniper Springs is easily the most beautiful spring I've ever seen. All springs are noteworthy. They are nature's beauty marks, but at Juniper Springs, all nature seems to have conspired to make a perfect creation. Deep in the heart of the forest, Juniper Springs is like a rare jewel set in a mounting of natural loveliness. Under the management of the U.S. Forest Service, Juniper Springs is open to the public year round at no charge. The small fees made for cottages, trailer camp and locker room rentals are set by the Forest Service at a "no profit" level. There are nature trails to wander, camping grounds for tenters or those who wish to rough it; there are open pagodas, picnic grounds, and barbecue pits. There is a small but beautiful trailer area, modern in all respects, plus a group of cottages set deep in rustic surroundings.

Juniper Springs was the movie location of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings', "The Yearling." A more perfect location could hardly be imagined. The whole area is a Game Sanctuary, where deer and wildlife from the surrounding forest use the spring area as their own safe vacation grounds. The spring, itself, lies in a setting of fairy tale beauty. Huge pines and live oaks, moss hung, shade the crystal clear water. A carpet of grass runs soft as velvet to the stone wall that rings the spring. The spring overflow turns a huge water wheel that generates the electric current used in the park area.

Floating face down over the 30-ft. depth of the

(Continued on next page)



Ponce de Leon Springs, left, located in Central Florida, is said to be one of the noted explorer's stopping places over 400 years ago in his search for the Fountain of Youth. Homosassa Springs, home of Nature's Fish Bowl, on the Gulf Coast, above, offers easy viewing of many forms of wildlife.

(Continued from preceding page)

main spring is like looking down into a giant funnel. At the bottom, a stream of water shoots up with enough force to "boil" the surface. The water's rush propels thousands of pure white flakes of limestone upward, where they fan out to sink again along the funnel's sides—a miniature and perpetual snow storm in the silence of the spring's depths. The place has a hypnotic quality that lulls the senses and soothes the spirit.

I met Jim Reed the following morning, and we were soon putting our gear in our canoe. The narrow spring run leaps away from the spring overflow at the rate of 6½ million gallons a day, and on this current, we embarked after making arrangements with the spring's manager to meet us with a truck at the mouth of the spring late that afternoon. This is the usual arrangement with canoe parties making the run. No one tries to bring a canoe up the spring, although I suppose it would be possible.

The first 100 feet down the spring run put us around a sharp turn and into a world that must surely be unchanged since the days when only the red man knew this land. This spring country abounds in virgin cypress and pine. These trees are large enough to rival the giant redwoods of the far west. We saw pine trees so large at the base we couldn't circle them holding hands and stretching mightily. Around the spring-head and along the spring run, these virgin trees tower over the surrounding scrub of the forest like tall sentinels. Many of these old patriarchs have been equipped with lightning rods to protect them from the only real natural enemy they know. Our canoe carried

us into the cool and shadowed depths of this private and secluded world. Here the silence of the deep woods was a very real thing. Jim and I found ourselves speaking in hushed tones. In fact, we found conversation somewhat unnecessary.

One thing about these spring canoe trips that always surprises me is how different they are to what you would expect to find in Florida. This was much more like a bounding trout stream in the far northern woods. And occasional palm was all that kept this illusion from being perfect.

As we coasted down the run, we stopped at likely looking pools to wade or cast from the canoe. We learned one thing at once—in the shallow, clear, spring water, a great deal of stealth was necessary. The fish were here all right—bluegill, shellcracker, and bass—but they could apparently see a country mile. We soon found that long casts with 4 or 6 pound monofilament on our spinning gear paid off, while shorter casts with heavier mono drew blanks.

Jim, an old hand at spring fishing, introduced me to a method he calls the "spring float." In this, Jim casts to a spot well above a downstream position that seems like a good bet. Judging the current carefully, Jim lets his small, top water plug ride the waves on a free line. As the lure sweeps downstream, Jim tries to steer it past spots that look like good bass hangouts. At the door of each of these, Jim knocks gently by letting the plug pause just long enough to wiggle a little and kick up a small fuss. This worked for him like a charm, but it worked much better on Jim's 4-lb. mono than it did on my 6. This is light line fishing.

We took our time and fished all the pools and runs that struck our fancy. We saved only 2 fish, returning all the rest to the water to fight another day. If a more pleasant way of fishing can be found, I'd like to know about it. As we dropped down from the springhead, the character of the spring run slowly changed. At first, the run had been a narrow, fast water stream, running hushed thru deep woods. Now, the scenery changed. The country flattened out, and the tall trees and park like woodlands gave way to scrub growth. The stream began to divide itself, breaking and rejoining again as it spread out thru saw grass flats and wide pools of cattails and bonnets. We floated over vast banks of coon tail moss. Now the water took on the typical dark tinge of the southern swamp. Still clear, it nonetheless no longer sparkled with the purity found in the upper reaches of the run and at the springhead.

As we dropped downstream, the fishing improved, until Jim at last reluctantly changed spools to use a slightly heavier line. The afternoon brought not only better fishing but thunderheads and rain squalls that intermittently drove in from the east, cooling and refreshing us as we paddled along immersed in the magic of the spring.

The mouth of Juniper Spring Run, where it empties its cold water into the warm waters of big Lake George, is a place of wild fishing activity. Lunker bass bask in the cooler waters of the spring's mouth and, apparently, work up an appetite for anything that looks like something to eat. We enjoyed this slap-bang fishing for a while, but soon decided our hearts weren't in it. We were still starry eyed from the upper spring magic.



Scrappy bass, an old stone jug, and cool spring water make a happy combination.

Springs are wonderful. It hasn't been too long ago we were all dependent on springs for our physical well-being. Before the day of the municipal water department, we either lived near a spring or we dug a well or cistern as an artificial substitute. Springs create the oases of the desert. From them, flows the magic water that transforms a bleak landscape into a garden of beauty.

Florida is richly blessed with spring magic. In the whole United States, there are only 75 first magnitude springs. There are only 18 of these big springs east of the Mississippi River. All but one of these are in Florida. These are springs with an average daily flow of 65 million gallons or better. Florida, with 17 such springs, has more than any other state. In addition, Florida has 49 second magnitude springs, each with a daily flow of at least 6½ million gallons, or as big as or bigger than Juniper Springs.

I have mentioned only 2 of the many beautiful Florida springs. It would take a full book to describe them all. Just a few of the better known ones are Rainbow Springs at Dunnellon, only slightly smaller than Silver Springs; Homosassa Springs, or Nature's Fish Bowl, at Homosassa Springs; and Blue Springs near Orange City.

Weeki-Wachee Springs is known as the Spring of the Mermaids and is a popular tourist attraction, but Poe Springs, near High Springs, Florida, is relatively unknown. Situated on the beautiful Santa Fe River, Poe Springs, with a flow of 50 million gallons a day, is just waiting to be "discovered." The list of such little known springs could go on and on.



Silver Springs, near Ocala, 'provides' more than 500 million gallons of pure, cold, sparkling water every 24 hours.

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Buzztail Leather

By MORRIS H. SHAW

The Diamondback provides an awesome
and beautiful trophy of outdoor adventure.

LIKE MOST OTHER Florida outdoorsmen, I personally waste no sentiment on snakes in general and rattlers in particular. There is nothing that unsettles a man's nerves like the dry rustling buzz of a Diamondback, particularly when you are already tensed up say for an expected covey rise. I still vividly recall, with involuntary shivers, the loud warning rattle that came from the cover of an old rice field levee. For minutes that seemed like hours, that dry buzzing came from the knee high grass we had been working for marsh hens. Daring to move neither forward, backward, nor to either side, I peered feverishly for long minutes until I finally spotted the unblinking eyes staring intently in my direction. A full charge of 8's effectively silenced the nerve tingling buzz. The balance of that hunt was somewhat dulled by the unpleasant encounter.

But despite any aversion to the menacing reptiles, there is a certain undeniable fascination about such venomous creatures. It is compounded of superstition perhaps, with a liberal touch of natural repugnance, a grudging admiration of the awesome beauty and no little splash of recognition of the very real potential threat of a violent demise.

At any rate, most of us who spend a good deal of time in the outdoors sooner or later come within sight and sound of a rattle or two. Not infrequently after the rattler has been rendered a "good" snake, many wish there was some way to preserve the skin as a memento of the occasion. Fortunately there is. In fact there are several different techniques that will do the job. Of the various methods however, tanning with a salt-alum bath will usually prove the most satisfactory.

After soaking in the lime solution, spread the skin out, flesh side down, and with a stiff fiber brush scrub off all scales.



Tanning snake skins requires only a few readily available materials including slacked lime, common table salt, alum, and neatsfoot oil.



Tanning snake skins requires a bit more careful handling than is called for with the much tougher skins of mammals such as coons and foxes. But it can be done. The resultant leather is thin and somewhat fragile. To use for novel belts, wallets, and other objects of utility as well as beauty, it is necessary to back the tanned skin with cloth or leather to give it more strength. Be that as it may, let's take a look at the process. After that, you are on your own. As in most other things, experience in actually doing the work is the best teacher.

Obviously the first step in preserving a snake skin is to remove the hide from the critter in question. For rattlers and other venomous snakes, it is a good idea to cut off the head and bury it or otherwise remove it from harms way. By using caution to avoid sticking yourself with the hypodermic-like fangs, you can skin out the head. As a safety precaution, it is suggested that you pull the fangs with a pair of pliers.

Using a sharp knife, carefully cut the skin free from around the mouth then gradually working it over the head and down the body. Once past the head, tie a string around the skinned portion of the body and hang it up from a convenient limb, nail, or similar. Continue to peel the hide down by pulling on the skin, sort of on the order of stripping off a long glove. The skin comes free of the body very easily. From the vent on back it may be necessary to use the knife here and there to sever tougher connective tissue.

When finished, the skin will be inside out and rather like a long narrow sack. Turn the skin right side out and insert the knife blade under the skin of the belly side. Make a long, straight cut from one end of the hide to the other, following the mid-line of the belly.

Now spread the skin out on a flat surface and apply a liberal coating of table salt to all portions of the flesh side. In from 12 to 24 hours the skin will be sufficiently salt cured. Remove any bits of flesh that may be clinging to the skin before going on to the next step.

If you wish to save it for later tanning, the skin should be tacked out on a smooth board using sufficient nails to prevent the edges from curling. Drying should be done in a dry shady place, not in the sun. Depending upon the humidity, the skin should be dry in from a few hours to two or three days. When thoroughly dry, it can be removed and stored in a dry place away from danger of insect and rodent damage. Dried skins should be softened by soaking in fresh cool water for an hour or so before proceeding. For fresh salted skins, rinse in plain water to remove excess salt.

The skin is now ready for the lime bath. Into one gallon of lukewarm water, stir one pound of slaked lime and completely immerse the skin in this solution. Do not use caustic or "hot" lime. A wide mouthed



After the skin is removed from the salt-alum tanning solution, rinse it thoroughly in cool water, drain, and give the flesh side an application of neetsfoot oil.

glass jar or a ceramic crock is excellent for holding the lime solution and the tanning stock, although an enamelware pan may serve the purpose. Stir the skin about in the lime bath occasionally. Within an hour or two, the flaky scale covering will loosen and come off easily.

When sufficiently loosened, spread the skin out scale-side up and with a stiff fiber brush scrub off all scales.

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"Breaking" the tanned skin is an important part of the process. The softness of the finished leather depends upon the thoroughness with which the job is done.



Five-pound bass creates no sensation among shiner fishermen. Chris Ebersole caught this one drifting Lake George.



Folks baiting up with these portly fellows are seldom bothered by undersized bass.

SHINER FISHING

For and With

By CHARLES WATERMAN

"I WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING about shiner fishing," I said.

"For or with?" asked Chris Ebersole. "Somebody has to fish *for* them before you can fish *with* them."

I thought that over and it seemed reasonable so I said, "Both".

So Chris sent me off to Lake Woodruff with J. Saul who fishes *for* shiners. Saul had some baited shiner sets there, marked with stakes. He'd drift quietly down on his "set" and expertly collect shiners with a skillfully thrown cast net.

While I watched him I bitterly confessed to myself that if my life depended on catching a big bass tomorrow I'd probably use live bait. We dedicated users of artificial lures try not to notice but most of the really big Florida bass are caught on something alive.

The rank beginner can catch bass on shiners with no practice and little instruction — so some of us think of shiner fishing as the greenhorn's method — and it is — but it is also practiced by some real masters who exhibit as much skill as the cagiest plug or fly caster.

Over the country as a whole it is true that artificials catch more game fish than bait and in many parts of the country the artificials catch the biggest ones too but most of the real giants of Florida's big bass belt go for real meat. For some of us, artificials are a lot more fun but an expert shiner soaker is a deadly operator and don't you forget it.

I was out with a Yankee spin-fisherman the other day when an angler in a near by boat leaned against a

quivering rod and cranked grimly.

"Hey, look! That guy's got one!" my friend yelped and stopped fishing to watch.

The fellow in the other boat lifted a 12-inch fish aboard.

"Pretty good one," commented my guest.

It was hard to convince him that our neighbor was simply inspecting his bait. Some people like big shiners.

If you use foot-long shiners you don't catch many bass but you aren't bothered by little ones. There's a fellow over at Eustis who catches only a bass or two a week and fishes every day — but his average fish weighs almost ten pounds and his bait would make two servings if he liked shiner for dinner.

Around six or seven inches is a good length for Florida bass fishing. That won't appeal much to the little fellows, gives you a chance at the three and 4-pounders and isn't beneath the dignity of Grandma (most whoppers are ladies).

Shiner fishing isn't exactly an economy method if you pay two bucks a dozen, which is a pretty standard price in the Lake George area. If the bass happen to be having one of those playful days when they love to kill shiners and leave them lie you can run through the price of a steak pretty fast.

Where it's legal, as in Lake George, shiners are trapped in nets baited with soy bean cakes. The cakes dissolve slowly and last for a long time. Anchored by the corners to upright poles and set flat on the bottom the nets can be lifted by a pull on a single rope.

J. Saul throws castnet for shiners over previously baited spot, marked with a stake.

Some shiners are seined and some are caught over baited areas with cast nets. Many are raised in shiner pens. Live bait is quite a business in Florida, one of the fishingest states in the union.

Fishing for shiners is a lot like fishing *with* them in one respect. Sometimes shiners are plentiful and easy to catch and sometimes they're mighty hard to come by. Raising them in pens can be profitable. When "wild shiners" are easy to catch that's a cheaper method. Some fishing camp operators raise them in pens against a rainy day when they can't catch the wild bait. As a rule, extremely large shiners are hard and expensive to raise.

Down at Ormand's Jungle Den on the St. Johns near Astor they told me that most fishermen prefer the middle-sized baits but there are a few regulars who go out with gleams in their eyes and 12-inchers in their live wells.

There are endless methods of fishing live bait. I've been shown several good ones. One productive method is to hook your shiner on a short length of line and use a long cane pole. You paddle or drift along the good spots and gently move your bait with the pole, with or without a float.

One guide had a man and his wife out for the day. The man was in the bow of the boat with a cane pole and his wife sat in the stern with a brand new casting rod and reel.

"If you get a really big one," the guide told the man, "don't try to drag him in. Just throw the pole overboard and let him run himself down."

It happened just that way. The man got a big one and threw the pole over. A few minutes later they picked it up with the tired 10-pounder still attached.

A little later the lady in the stern announced, "I've got one!"

Before the guide could offer advice there was a clearly audible "plunk!"

You guessed it. She had thrown over the new rod and reel and it didn't float.

Chris Ebersole took me down into Lake George to show me how to drift the grass flats with a shiner.

He hooked the shiner along the outside of the mouth and up through the nose mentioning that a shiner hooked through both lips won't live long. Some fishermen hook small shiners through the back under the dorsal fin. This method has some advantages if the bait is not to be moved much but such a bait is more likely to get tangled up in weeds or brush. Exponents of that method say you're more apt to hook a bass when he first strikes. With small bait they don't allow much of a "run" before setting the hook.

Anyway, Chris used a hyacinth bulb for a float, fastening it with a half hitch about a foot above the



bait. Using a 6-foot baitcasting rod, he cast the bait out as gently as possible and not too far.

I had seen bait fishermen heave a big shiner a country mile and produce a resounding "smack;" as it landed.

"Looks as if long casts would whack the stuffing out of the shiner," I said.

"Just kills them. That's all," said Chris. He rigged my rod like his and we started drifting with Chris using the oars gently to keep the lines from tangling.

I noticed how our hyacinth-bulb floats blended in with the surroundings. Probably not much to it but if a bass does object to a gaudy float the hyacinth bulb should put him at ease.

The shiners worked through the heavy ell grass tops with only occasional minor hang-ups. The hyacinth bulb floats bobbed energetically now and then.

"Shiners don't dig into the grass much," Chris explained. "They'll work through pretty thick stuff."

We weren't far from the shoreline and I recognized a broad and familiar back in a boat that lay almost against the fringe of hyacinths that lined the beach.

"There's A. P. Oliver," said Chris. "He fishes about as many parties as anybody on the river. He's good, too. He's been getting a lot of fish lately right up next to the bank."

One of the shiners came to the surface and set up a frantic splashing.

"Something after him," Chris said, but the shiner went back down and nothing happened.

It reminded me of one time I was school bass fishing and a still fisherman a few yards away had watched me with tolerant interest. There had been a lively splash near his boat and I had heaved a plug at it.

(Continued on next page)



Twins! These shiner-grabbers weighed 11 pounds apiece.

(Continued from preceding page)

"That's my shiner," the fisherman had said. "Something down there."

"Surface fishing" is a phrase seldom applied to shiner business but a bass will sometimes chase a bait to the surface and slam it on top with all of the thunderous fireworks usually reserved for topwater plugs. This is a bit unnerving to a citizen who has been waiting for only a gentle tug and a cautious run.

The clouds got heavy and it began to sprinkle a little on Chris and me that day on Lake George. The wind changed and he had to do quite a bit of stealthy rowing. One of the disadvantages of such fishing is that the boat generally covers the water before the bait does. You have to keep quiet. It is no time for throwing rocks or repairing a boat seat.

A variation of this drifting technique is frequently used on running streams. The shiners are allowed to drift with the current and the boat is held *above* them with oars or paddle. Thus the fish sees the bait before the boat comes into view.

"There's one now," Chris said and let his line slide from the reel, click off. The line went and went.

"More than 50 feet," Chris estimated.

The line stopped and started again and this time Chris tightened gently and set the hook. He used to be a paratrooper and when sets a hook there's no doubt about it. All he got was a mutilated minnow and a wad of eel grass.

"He didn't really take it right," Chris commented. "Sometimes they'll scale a shiner and then go off and leave it."

Bass don't really take the scales off a shiner because

they have any objections to eating scales. In the first place, a shiner on a hook looks as if he's in trouble (which he is) and a bass doesn't have much trouble catching him. Sometimes he's in no hurry to eat and he carries the bait off in his mouth before he turns it head first and gets down to business. Then, sometimes he figures he didn't want it anyway and spits it out. Anyway, a lot of the scales come off in the process.

A little later my hyacinth bulb went down and stayed down. Chris pointed it out to me. I had been so busy telling him what a great fisherman I am I hadn't noticed.

My line started running out very slowly and I gave Chris my rod. I wanted to watch it done just right. The line paid off, the fish stopped and started again and Chris set the hook.

"Okay this time," he said.

We drifted toward the shore and I hoped the fish would jump for a picture but he wouldn't. I hung to the camera and Chris had to handle the boat himself. The fish got into some shoreline snags and Chris rowed and cranked and hopped around over the boat until he was in the clear. He picked up the bass, a 5-pounder.

Just then I noticed A. P. Oliver landing a fish while his fishing party looked on.

"I guess they're beginning to hit," Chris said.

Drifting is only one way. Still fishing is done over a spot that looks good or has been producing fish. For more depth a sinker is usually used and the experts say that it doesn't matter then whether the shiner swims around much or not. Just so he wags his tail a little. With too much freedom he'll get under something.

Light spinning rods with monofilament line are good for shiner fishing except that you can't cast a big bait with them and they're a little soft for setting the hook. With light spinning rods most fishermen either use small shiners or simply ease the bait over and row or drift away from it.

Big, salt water spinning rods are fine for shiner fishing but a little on the husky side for bass. The better quality spin-cast reels are fine when used with stiff rods.

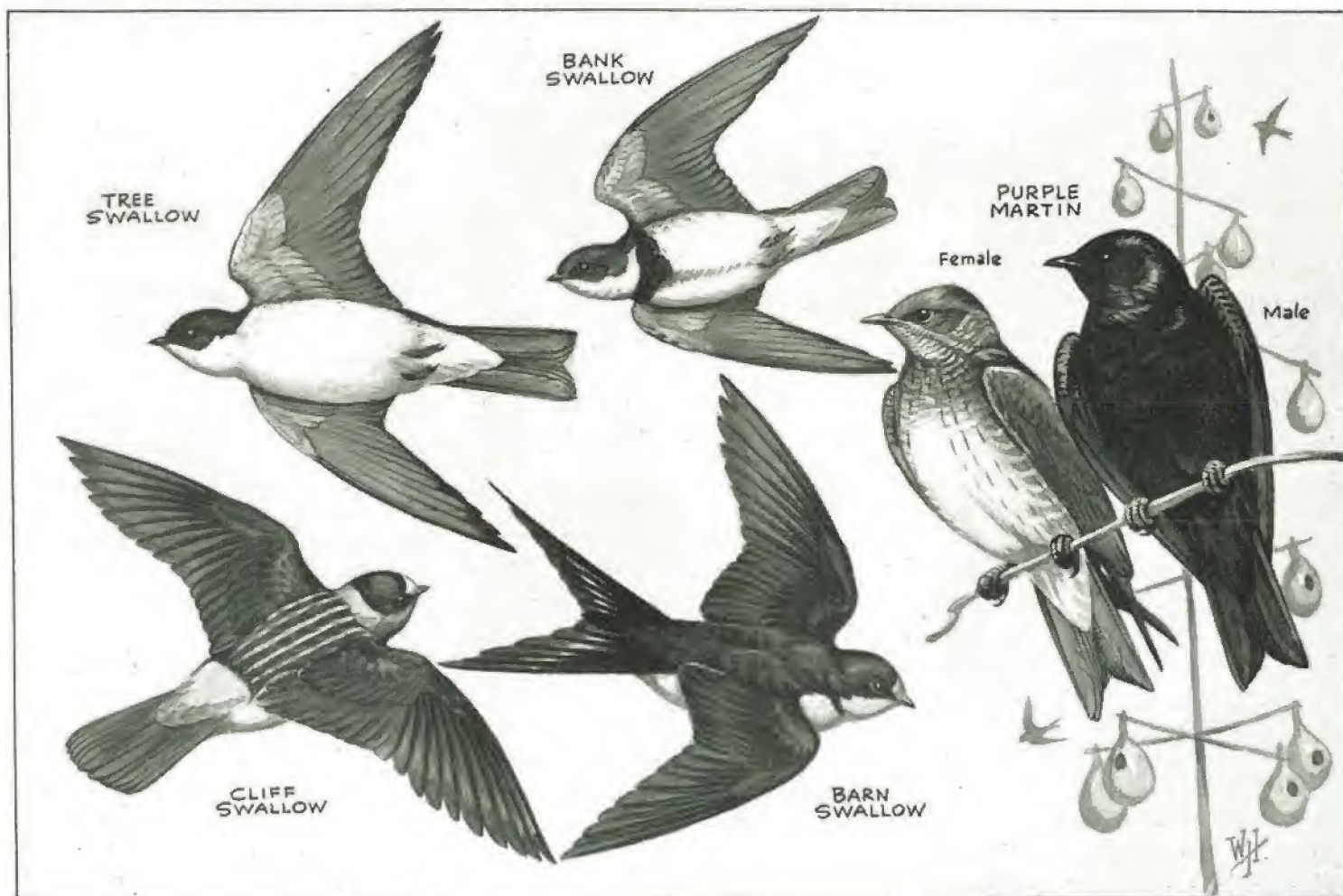
Monofilament is a good bait line and one advantage of the spinning outfit is that the line can be paid out on a shiner "run" with no noticeable resistance to the fish.

Hook sizes should match the bait of course. About 5/0 is right for a good-sized shiner. We won't get into the hook argument but I noticed Chris used an English-type bait hook—a lop-sided job that looks businesslike.

It must be admitted that hook-swallowing is a disadvantage of bait fishing if the fish are to be released. A bass with a hook in his gullet is usually a goner.

There are artificial bait anglers who never expect to do much shiner fishing but here's one of them who knows there's a lot of skill involved and who doesn't want any big-bass contest with a shiner master. ●

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE



Tree Swallow,

Iridoprocne bicolor.

The plumage pattern of the adult tree swallow is two-toned, blue-green above and white below. The back feathering of the male has a burnished metallic look while that of the female presents a dulled appearance. The relatively short, shallowly forked tail is an additional identification characteristic.

Tree swallows spend the winter in the warmer portions of the United States and southward at least into Guatemala. Considerable numbers of them find Florida's mild winters attractive. Suitable habitat throughout much of the state hosts tree swallows during the cooler months.

The birds show a definite preference for the company of others of their kind and are usually seen in goodly numbers or not at all. Open

fields and pastures, especially those of a boggy nature, are prime hunting grounds. Here the birds skim low to the ground, spiral and dive in pursuit of their favored insect prey. The rapid wingbeat and slightly flickering flight is characteristic of the species.

Vegetable material, essentially the fruit of the wax myrtle, is an important item in the diet of tree swallows in Florida as well as elsewhere. These berries are eaten in quantity even during periods when insects are numerous and readily available.

From time to time considerable numbers of tree swallows have succumbed to the effects of especially severe cold snaps here in Florida as well as in other portions of the wintering grounds.

House flies and many insects destructive to agricultural crops are eaten in quantity by tree swallows.

Bank Swallow,

Riparia riparia.

Although it may be encountered in considerable numbers within the state, the Bank Swallow is but a transient member of Florida's bird population. During the fall season many birds of this species pass through on their way to the main wintering grounds to the south. The northbound spring movement also brings many through the state. Most of these birds winter in Brazil although numbers are encountered during this season from Mexico southward.

The nesting range includes such far flung points as northern Labrador, Alaska, Alabama, and southern California, which is by way of saying that the breeding range covers practically the whole of the Northern Hemisphere. It is not known as a nesting bird in Florida, however.

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The bank swallow is difficult to distinguish from the rough-winged swallow even under the rarely encountered ideal field conditions. The rough-wing is slightly larger in average size and lacks the distinct breast band of the bank swallow. The clear white throat of the bank swallow contrasts with the gray throat of the rough-wing and, although difficult to apply with certainty, seems a much better means of field identification than that afforded by the difficult to see breast banding.

On feeding flights the birds move in a fluttery and erratic manner, usually fairly close to the ground. Their food apparently consists entirely of insects.

The well chosen common name is derived from the swallow's habit of excavating nesting cavities in vertical banks, especially sandy ones such as those frequently encountered along stream courses.

Cliff Swallow

Petrochelidon pyrrhonata

The Cliff Swallow is a regular spring and fall migrant in Florida, sometimes rare in numbers, at other times rather common. It is more often observed in the northern part of the state than the south, apparently passing across that section as it travels to and from its winter home in South America. Nesting range of this bird extends from Texas, northern Alabama, and Virginia, north through central Canada to Alaska.

About the size of the Barn Swallow, the Cliff Swallow is easily recognized by its whitish forehead, buffy ramp patch and square tail. Like other swallows, it usually travels in large flocks and is frequently seen at rest on telephone wires and fences along the roadsides. Large numbers of these birds are killed by cars, as they flit back and forth across the highways. Drivers can prevent unnecessary destruction of these pretty, little feathered creatures by slowing down when passing through a roadside concen-

tration of birds.

The Cliff Swallow is unique in that it constructs bottle-shaped nests made of small mud pellets. It nests in colonies and sometimes great numbers of its nests may be plastered close together on the sides of suitable cliffs or farm buildings.

Insects are the primary food of this bird.

Barn Swallow,

Hirundo rustica.

The long deeply forked tail plus the reddish brown and glossy slate blue plumage of the adults mark this well-known member of Florida's birdkind.

Within the Sunshine State the Barn Swallow is known almost entirely as a migrant. They pass through the state in considerable numbers during both the spring and the fall migrations. Migratory flights are made during the hours of daylight and at such times spectacular concentrations of the birds may be observed either on the wing or resting on electric wires or other conspicuous perches.

There is at least one record of the nesting of this species in northwestern Florida although on this basis it could scarcely be classified as a common nester within the boundaries of the state. Reports of Barn Swallows on the Tortugas during the nesting season indicates that there is probably regular nesting activity in that area. These island dwelling barn swallows probably represent a subspecies of the common barn swallow.

The mud and straw nest plastered under the sheltering roofs of barns, houses and other structures are a conspicuous feature in the regular nesting range of the barn swallow. Four or five eggs, white with reddish brown spotting, comprise the usual clutch. Frequently two broods of young are raised during a single season.

The barn swallow is more noisy than the other members of the family. Its voice consists of energetic twitters of variable pitch and

is rather melodious.

The breeding range is widespread throughout much of the Northern Hemisphere. South America is the main wintering area.

Insects, many of them destructive to agricultural crops, comprise almost the entire diet of the species.

Purple Martin,

Progne subis.

This largest of the swallow clan is probably the best known of the tribe. Not only its size but its trusting nature which allows it to nest freely even about some of the larger cities accounts in a good part for its popularity.

The plumage of the adult male is a dark, metallic gray-blue, the wings and tail black. The adult female and young birds have dull bluish backs and grayish underparts which are lighter in the belly area.

Except in the southernmost portions of the state, the martin is a common summer resident of Florida.

Although some of the birds still show a preference for tree cavity nesting sites, the original nest locale, boxes or gourds erected for the purpose by appreciative humans are by far the more common selection.

It is an early migrant into the state, arriving as early as the latter part of January in some sections during some seasons. Early October usually sees all but the stragglers off for the southerly wintering grounds.

The voice of the purple martin has a low pitched, liquid quality and consists of a series of chirruping notes of varying pitch. The characteristic calling plus alternately flapping and sailing flight pattern and the broad-based triangular wing form makes identification of winging purple martins an easy matter.

The usual clutch of eggs numbers from 4 to 5. They are flat white and unmarked.

Martins are valuable allies in the battle against many forms of destructive insects. Insects, taken mainly in flight, comprise the martin's diet. ●

FISHING

(Continued from page 7)

the present laws possible. I, for one, can't understand what makes fishing any different.

Something to Think About

Our rapidly expanding human populations will be blessed with more and more leisure time. Our available sports fishing potential is shrinking due to drainage, wetlands development, industrial, municipal, and domestic pollution, and the loss of access. More and more sportsmen in the future are going to compete for less and less game fish on much less water acreage. Anyone today with sufficient perspective has already experienced the dwindling fishing opportunities. What are we going to do about it?

Some states are already experimenting with streams and lakes where only artificial lures may be used. Other states are developing management areas where there are no bag limits but where all fish must be released. There is a growing awareness across the nation that fishing contests of all kinds are detrimental to the sport, and some states are abolishing these by law. Most of these experiments are proving highly successful. Perhaps they are the handwriting on the wall, giving us a glimpse of what the future will bring. It's something to think about. ●



"I sneaked up on it."

dog chatter

By GEORGE CROWLEY

HISTORIANS OF THE 126 breeds and varieties of purebred dogs recognized by the organized American dog fancy turn up fascinating bits of social history.

Two of the Pilgrim colonists, who landed at Plymouth Rock from the Mayflower, were dogs—a Spaniel and a Mastiff. One proved so good at running deer that he was kidnapped for a season by the Indians.

The price of a knight's ransom in the days of Scottish chivalry was three Deerhounds . . . No "mean man" was permitted to own a Greyhound in King Canute's realm.

Old English Sheepdogs were exempt from taxation because of their occupation when 18th Century-West of England cattle drovers used these dogs to drive cattle to market. The dogs' tails were bobbed close to the body as a mark of their tax exempt status.

Wurtemberger cattle drovers who used Rottweilers to drive their livestock to market tied their purses around the dogs' necks as a safeguard against highwaymen.

Mexican Indian folk-medicine, tracing back to the Aztec days, used Mexican Hairless dogs as hotwater bottles—panacea for all body aches and pains. This dog's skin feels hot to the touch.

Though the Mohammedan religion declares dogs to be unclean, the Arabs have so valued the Saluki's hunting qualities since antiquity that this swift hound is permitted to sleep in the sheik's tent and share the meat captured in the chase.

Fine dogs have been esteemed as proper gifts from royalty to royalty, dignitary to dignitary, or hero to hero since the beginning of recorded history.

Hounds that Lafayette gave George Washington in 1785, Washington recorded in his diary, had voices "like the bells of Moscow." Their music is perpetuated in Amer-



ican Foxhound and Coonhound voices today.

Better Teeth

A dog's teeth are certainly as important to him as the dog's owner's are to him or her. Perhaps more important, because a man or woman whose teeth go bad can have them replaced by a denture. There is no record that any dog ever learned to cope with a "plate."

In selecting a dog, a prospective purchaser should examine the teeth carefully, to see that they are clean, strong and not crowded out of position; that the gums are in healthy condition; that no teeth are broken and that the dog has all the teeth it is supposed to have—42, twenty upper and twenty-two lower.

Members of some breeds, for instance the Doberman Pinscher and the German Shepherd, sometimes are not equipped with full sets of molars. This lack is counted a serious fault if the dog is shown.

According to the letters received by the National Dog Welfare Guild, dog's teeth are apparently subject to all of the ills that beset their owner's. They may decay, ulcer, crack or break. Toothache pains a dog as much as it does humankind. Perhaps more, because the dog cannot explain to the dentist what is wrong. But when he needs dental care he should have it.

While it is true that wild dogs usually die at a fairly early age when their teeth become bad, dogs today on the average suffer less tooth trouble than do their owners. Basic reason for this is that their diet is actually better and credit for this should certainly go to those researchers in dog nutrition who have taught us to feed our pets better than ourselves. ●

SPRING MAGIC

(Continued from page 27)

Hart Springs, near Wilcox; Rock Bluff Springs, near Bell; Lithia Springs, near Lithia; are all obscure springs that rate a big mention as good bets for a spring explorer. Alexander Springs, near Astor, is a perfect example of a lesser known spring of big potential. This spring flows 75 million gallons of water a day and forms a spring run that flows 15 miles to the St. Johns River. This is a canoe and fishing trip for those who don't mind a rugged bit of traveling, but it is a truly wonderful experience.

One of the most unusual of Florida's springs is called "The Croaker Hole" and is located in little Lake George, a part of the St. Johns River. Little Lake George is that part of the St. Johns River that lies just north of big Lake George, between Welaka on the north and Mt. Royal to the south. This water is world famous for big black bass. The cold water of Silver Springs rides down the Ocklawaha River and empties into little Lake George to cool the lake, getting an assist on this "water conditioning" chore from a hidden spring located on the bottom of the lake, itself.

I was introduced to the "Croaker Hole" many years ago by A. P. Oliver, a widely known Florida fishing guide, who operates a fishing camp at Welaka, Fla. The "Croaker Hole" was, and is, A. P.'s special dish of tea. Here is a cold, fresh water spring, boiling up from a depth of about 60 feet. The "Hole," itself, is shaped like a giant funnel almost 100 feet across the top, with sharply sloping sides. This funnel shaped spring drops down sharply from the river bottom that, here, averages 6 to 8 feet deep.

The "Croaker Hole" pushes its cold water up with enough volume to make a decided "bulge" on the river's surface, and, of course, this clear, cold, spring water only reluctantly mixes with the dark, warm

water of the surrounding lake. The big spring, also, attracts many fish, least of which are salt water croakers, from which the spring gets its name.

Many years ago, A. P. Oliver, fishing for bass one morning just at dawn along the edge of the "Croaker Hole," hooked what he thought was, surely, the biggest bass in the world. After a sharp struggle, A. P. lost this fish. Haunting the "Croaker Hole" at dawn and dusk the following year, A. P. hooked and lost several more of these mysterious lunkers. Finally, he landed, to his complete surprise, a 20-lb. salt water striped bass. This was the same famous salt water striper that charges the surf and eddies at Hatteras and Cape Cod far to the north.

A lost school of stripers, working their way upstream (south) from the river's mouth at Jacksonville had, apparently, found the cold, deep water of the "Croaker Hole" so much to their liking they had taken up permanent residence. Thus was born one of Florida's most amazing true fish stories, made possible, of course, by a generous touch of spring magic.

Stripers with a southern accent still live in the "Croaker Hole." Fish up to 30 pounds have been taken on light tackle in the short, half-light time at dusk and dawn, which seems to be the only time of day these fish will take an artificial lure.

A tour of exploration with canoe, rod, and camera to all 17 of Florida's big springs would be a truly unique experience. They are all there waiting to be discovered, just as I discovered Juniper Springs and just as Florida's first tourist "discovered" Silver Springs. The springs worked their magic then, and they still do.

If you come to Florida and paddle around on some of our lesser known springs, with canoe, rod, and camera, you'll reap a reward all out of proportion to the effort expended, but if you come down with a bad case of Spring Magic, don't say I didn't warn you. ●

FOR BETTER CONSERVATION

(Continued from page 15)

special conservation projects, scouts may receive special awards starting at "Ranger" up to "Florida Wildlife Conservationist." Along with this last distinction comes a certificate signed by the Governor of Florida and a free trip to the state Capitol.

The state-wide education program's scope extends to all youth agencies where it may be of assistance. The Commission works with primary and secondary schools in their conservation studies. Workshops for teachers and laymen for special instruction in conservation principles and techniques are being planned.

And on it goes, wherever the Commission's Youth Program can help organizations which are helping youth to learn about the care of our natural resources.

The full effect of this ambitious program toward conservation training of Florida's youth will not be felt until the younger generation has taken its place in the leadership of the state. But recognition of its great value is evident today.

For example, the Game and Fish Commission in 1956 received, for its youth program, the national award for excellence from the American Association for Conservation Information. And Denver Ste. Claire, the guiding hand of the youth program, received the Nash Conservation Award for exceptional service to the cause of conservation.

Bob Aldrich, director of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, has summed up the spirit and purpose of the Youth Program in these to-the-point words:

The greatest natural resource of our state and nation is our youth. For the future belongs to the youth of today.

If the young boys and girls of today receive the proper training and education in the conservation of our natural resources, the future of those resources is guaranteed. ●

BUZZTAIL LEATHER

(Continued from page 29)

This does not destroy the body pattern, in fact in most cases it will make it brighter.

Again rinse the skin in fresh water to clean away the loose scales. Now immerse it in the salt-alum bath, a solution made up by dissolving in one gallon of lukewarm water 4 ounces of powdered alum and 4 ounces of common table salt. Stir occasionally so that all parts of the skin receive thorough soaking. Your experience will be the best guide on the minimum time required for thorough tanning. Twelve hours is suggested as a minimum. The skin can be left in this solution almost indefinitely without undue harm as long as all parts are submerged.

Remove the skin from the tanning bath and rinse it thoroughly in clean water and hang up a few minutes to drain. Now spread the skin out, flesh side up and apply a coat of neetsfoot oil. Set aside for an hour or two to allow time for the oil to penetrate.



A narrow stick nailed to a work bench or other convenient place is useful in the softening process. Work the skin back and forth over the stick in the manner of a bootblack working a polishing cloth over a shoe.

Now it is necessary to break up the skin to soften it. With snake skins, thin and fragile as they are,

this is a fairly touchy proposition that requires considerable care. The forward and rear quarters of the hide are both especially thin and tear easily.

Begin the softening process by wiping off the excess oil with a soft rag or absorbent paper. Now starting at one end of the hide, carefully pull and stretch the skin in all directions. A narrow square stick nailed to a work bench or other convenient place will also be useful in the softening process. Work the skin back and forth over the stick much as a bootblack polishes a shoe, taking a portion of the skin at a time. During this process, the skin will be drying out and especially on smaller skins it is necessary to work as rapidly as possible, taking care not to tear the skin.

This is the most important step of the process for the softness of the finished product depends upon the thoroughness with which the "breaking" is accomplished. As the softening proceeds, the skin gradually whitens in color and takes on the typical appearance of finished leather. ●

JIG FOR CRAPPIE

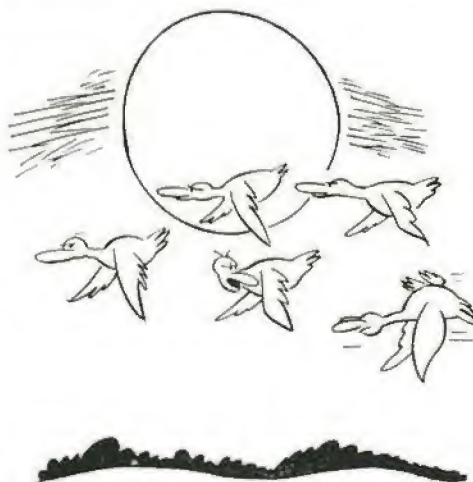
(Continued from page 17)

Crappie hit an artificial bait best during the early spring when they move into the shallows to spawn. Any yellow or white medium- or deep-running artificial will catch crappie this time of year if presented correctly. But a jig is the only lure I've found which will take perch year round.

Some people fish the jig by casting it far out and working it back deep in slow stop-and-go jerks. But when fishing in this manner, you'll foul repeatedly on bottom obstructions. The jig, even one with a weedless hook, has a special knack of catching every piece of rock or limb it passes over.

I'd rather locate a school of crap-

pie by using minnows, then change to jigs, lowering one straight to the bottom and simply jiggling it up and down. There is less chance of fouling and it seems to be just as effective.



"This would be a scene of haunting beauty if it wasn't for that jerk."

As to color, white always has worked best for me. Yellow also is good. On rare occasions a black or even a black-and-white jig brings the best results. Pearl white is the best imitation of a minnow, however, and that speaks for itself.

Fishing for speckled perch with artificals never has been exploited much, mainly because it is unpredictable. You've got to catch the crappie in the right mood if you are to get 'em to bow to jigs. But if every time you go after perch in the conventional way with minnows, you carry along a few jigs and try them out, sooner or later you'll chance upon that day when artificals will produce handsomely. Once you do, you'll never be completely satisfied until you hit that magic payoff again. ●

NEXT MONTH—Special 50-Page Natural History Issue



By **CHUCK SCHILLING**

Question: I have a small lake I fish regularly. I can catch all the small bass I want, but I have poor success with the larger fish. My record is 9 pounds, 12 ounces. The bigger fish all seem to be feeding on fresh-water shrimp or crawfish. I occasionally catch a small crawfish or shrimp while dipping minnows for bait. How can I catch the larger ones?

G. Gregory, Tampa, Fla.

Answer: Sounds like you have a real fine lake. I've never tried to catch crawdads in Florida, but I should think wading the shallows with a "push net," such as is used for shrimp on salt-water grass flats, should do the trick.

I have had some experience catching big, fresh-water shrimp. In the Miami River, I've caught many of these at night, using a small dip net and strong flashlight. My wife and I would work along the river's edge, playing the light on the shallow water until we spotted the shrimp's eyes. These glow red as living coals. A quick dip and the prize is yours. I said quick. I've caught them so big I've been tempted to split them down the middle for broiling.

Question: My fly rod has a place on the grip intended for my thumb. Do you recommend this hand position? It seems a little awkward to me.

F. Shelton, Miami, Fla.

Answer: The thumb cap you mention is called "Comficient Grip" and is a feature of South Bend fly rods. By all means ignore it and use whatever hand position seems most comfortable. The thumb on top of the rod in the "Comficient" position is an excellent thing for beginners, because it tends to check the rod from going too far back on the back cast and helps to put a little extra wrist snap in the forward cast. Many expert fly fishermen use this thumb position at all times. Many others, myself included, prefer the thumb on the side of the

cork grip.

Question: You mentioned the convenience of a small, weedless, fisherman-type outboard motor for use on Lake Okeechobee's weedy waters. Is there such a motor available equipped with separate fuel tank? I'm looking for such a motor to use not only for fishing but as an auxiliary power plant as well. I hate the thought of going back to a gas can and funnel.

G. Rogers, Clewiston, Fla.

Answer: I, too, would welcome such a motor, but unfortunately I know of none. I suppose the separate tank would take up the price of these little motors, but I, for one, would gladly pay it.

Question: A friend claims catfish never jump, even when caught on light tackle. I say they sometimes do. Who's right?

C. Goode, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Answer: You win. Not only do they jump, but they sometimes take popping bugs. It's never safe to take things at face value in the out-of-doors. Mullet, for instance, who jump their heads off naturally, prefer an underwater fight when hooked. At least they've never jumped for me.

Question: How about using high octane gas in my outboard motor? A friend of mine says this will give me better performance at trolling speeds with less fouling of the plugs.

B. Porter, Jacksonville, Fla.

Answer: I would read the instruction manual that came with that motor and follow it faithfully. I know one fishing camp owner who operates a large fleet of outboards. He buys high octane white gas and claims it gives him just the results you mention. For myself, I follow directions.

Question: I am 16 years old, and I read and enjoy *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* every month. In March you said the world's record bass was 22 pounds, 2 ounces (Editor's note:—This was a typo—22 pounds, 4 ounces

is correct) and was caught in Georgia. You said it was a shame we couldn't bring that record to Florida.

Last summer, I spent a week at Camp O'Leno at O'Leno State Park near Lake City. There is an old log cabin there that holds a stuffed bass. He weighs 25 pounds and is 36 inches long. This fish was caught in the Santa Fe River in 1929. If there is any doubt, you can check at the camp and have a look at this beautiful specimen.

Gerald Padgett, Tallahassee, Fla.

Answer: Thanks for the information. I'm afraid the authorities would suspect your big, 30-year-old bass of being overstuffed. To make the record books, a fish must be fresh caught, witnessed by sworn statements, weighed on inspected scales, measured, and photographed.

I'm sure there have been 25-pound bass caught in Florida and will be again. Perhaps the Santa Fe bass was one of them, but as a World Record, he just won't do.

Question: I read that carbon tetrachloride units are no longer approved as boat fire extinguishers. I've carried one of these around for years. What's wrong with them and what do you recommend as a substitute?

L. Lloyd, Ocala, Fla.

Answer: Fumes from carbon tet are extremely dangerous if inhaled, and for that reason it has been banned. Besides, the usual pump action carbon tet extinguisher wouldn't work most of the time anyhow. My own were always either plugged up or corroded from salt spray. I have a 5-pound C. O. Two unit that is probably the best available but find it is too bulky and heavy for my small outboard fishing boat.

I am using a new 16-ounce spray can extinguisher sold by Herter's, of Waseca, Minnesota. This is a Spraint product, manufactured according to Government Specification OF-380. It is nontoxic, nonstaining, and effective on all fires including electric, grease, oil, and gasoline. There are many such spray can extinguishers on the market, and this one costs less than \$1.50. I doubt if this type will be Coast Guard approved, but no small boat should be without one. I carry one in the car as well.

GO — BUT COME BACK

(Continued from page 21)

raveled from handkerchief or shirt-tail. Make lightly scraping strokes of steel against stone, held close to the tinder, so sparks are angled into it. Blow on a deposited spark in long, gentle puffs until it spreads in the tinder and bursts into flame, then add small dry twigs and eventually larger fuel. . . .

Stay close to your signal fire. If, for some reason, help does not materialize after several hours of waiting, make sure the fire is extinguished and the area well covered with dirt before moving on.

If night is approaching and there are no visible signs of civilization, and if you are without a flashlight, stop right where you are and make overnight camp. You won't get anywhere blundering around in the dark and you may easily suffer injury.

While making yourself comfortable for the night, calmly review your situation and the factors that have already affected or can influence it. Most likely you will have decided on a seemingly sensible course of action, come morning.

Attempt to locate the North Star by first finding the more familiar Big Dipper and then sighting along the line of the two stars forming the side away from the handle. These two stars will always point to Polaris, the North Star, no matter what position the Big Dipper occupies in the sky.



An auto compass will keep you from losing sense of direction when traveling by car. A floating dial swings to each new direction of travel each time you turn, and comes to rest on straight-away runs.

If you cannot remember how to locate the North Star, and the night is without moon but otherwise clear, sit down with your back against a tree and sight a fork of a limb on a star overhead. Try to remain as motionless as possible. With a speed that will surprise you, the star will move directly West.

If you have a gun, the hours of darkness will tend to enhance the effectiveness of signal shots which might go unnoticed during the usual gun hunting period from dawn to dusk. Because gunfire after dark is unnatural and usually a sign of illegal poaching, chances are good that game wardens or others in the vicinity will attempt to locate the source. Fire three shots timed a minute

apart. Repeat in half an hour if ammunition supply permits, but save several rounds against the possibility that you may eventually want to shoot something for food.

To a person lost and alone at night, woods sounds can be pretty spooky and sometimes disconcerting, unless recognized for what they are. Whining and moaning noises are usually caused by coons; a loon can laugh like a crazy man; a deer can snort or blow, and a mouse among dead leaves can create a lot of racket on a still night. Also, owls frequently contribute their bit to weird sounds heard in the night. All are harmless. . . . There is nothing to fear. No unprovoked, unwounded Florida or North American animal is likely to set precedent for its species by deliberately attacking a human being, especially one close to a camp fire.

Should daylight find you still confused directionally, don't despair. If the weather is clear, help will literally come over the horizon. . . . If you face the rising sun, south will be on your right; north on your left. At sunset, standing with your back to the sun will give you the same fairly accurate directions.

With so many natural signs to point the way, and friends probably seeking you, odds are good that you won't continue to be lost for long.

Quite appropriately to our modern age and easy transportation, today's recreational tempo is to go places. Just be sure you know how to get back as easily. ●

WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL

(Continued from page 8)

signed from the Council. Mr. Jack Partusc was appointed to take his place. Mr. Partusc is from Miami.

Tag Day Receipts

Tag Day Receipts received by the Ocala Office at this writing (April 15) are: Stuart, \$102; Bartow, \$47.28; and Land O' Lakes, \$8.

New Advisor

Mr. Jack Partusc, advisor for the

North Miami Junior Conservation Club, has been appointed to the Adult Advisory Council.

Annual Conference

The Eighth Annual Conference of the Junior Conservation Club League will be held in Stuart on June 13 and 14, 1959.

Next Meeting

The Advisory Council will also meet June 13 and 14 in Stuart. Both organizations will elect their officers for 1959-60. Host will be the Stuart

Jaycees and the Stuart Junior Conservation Club.

Campsite

We are getting closer to a campsite in South Florida. Many are being investigated at the present. So many things are to be considered in the selection of the campsite. Such as: drainage, nearness to water supply, sanitation, road access, nearness to hospital, privacy, nearness to lake or stream, trees and shade, and many others. You can understand how important all are in selecting a campsite. ●

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS



As many of FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S readers already know, photography is a lot of fun, especially if you do your own developing, printing and enlarging.

Also fun is sepia tone printing of a few favorite negatives on such unorthodox printing surfaces as neckties, handkerchiefs and other personal items as well as personalizing greeting cards and stationery with interesting hunting and fishing photos.

To make such prints, you will need an inexpensive processing kit manufactured by Robert Charles, Inc., 4652 West Washington Blvd., Los Angeles 16, California.

The kit, which sells for \$2.00, postpaid, contains enough material to make up to 150 finished prints. No darkroom is needed, and the entire process is simple to execute.

To use the Miracle Foto kit, a special fluid is applied to a small piece of cotton and then spread evenly on the surface of the material on which the photo is to be printed. When applying the sensitizing agent to cloth, it is recommended that the fabric be stretched on an embroidery hoop for easy, uniform application.

The selected negative is placed dull side down, over the area that has been sensitized and allowed to thoroughly dry. A masking frame is next slipped over the negative so that only the negative area to be printed is exposed to light. A sheet of glass is placed over that.

Clamped with photographic clips furnished with the kit, the negative is printed by exposing it to strong sunlight for two minutes or longer, or by light from a No. 1 Photoflood bulb for about three minutes.

After sufficient exposure-time, glass and masking frame are removed and the photo is developed by immersing it for about 30 seconds in a solution made by dissolving furnished chemicals. (This solution can be kept mixed in a covered jar and continually used.)

Rinsed in clear water and dried between blotters or by an electric iron, the photo appears in finished form.

Properly processed, the sepia tone prints will not fade.

When selecting negatives for printing, keep in mind that the sharper your negative,

the better will be your finished print. On cloth, light contrasting negatives will print a lot quicker than dark negatives under a No. 1 Photoflood lamp. However, there is no danger of over-exposure if sunlight is used. Valuable negatives are not harmed in any way.

Take care not to touch a sensitized surface with fingers or smudges will appear in the final print. Also take care to make only the required exposure in direct sunlight or under a Photoflood lamp; do all other processing steps in ordinary light.

FWFT&T believes that you will have more than \$2.00 worth of fun from a trial of the Miracle Foto Kit. If you wish to make additional prints, refill kits, delivering up to 300 prints, can be had for \$1.25 each.



FWFT&T considers a quality spotting scope of great value to the average sportsman. A good glass has multiple practical uses.

To the hunter who stalks and shoots game at long range, the practice of first glassing game with a powerful scope helps in positive identification and trophy selection. . . .



To the formal target shooter, a scope makes spotting of successive shots easy; often only a minor sight correction after the shot group begins to form on the target can differentiate between an ordinary and winning total score. . . . To the camper, fisherman, mariner and nature lover, a powerful viewing scope opens up new horizons. . . .

Until recently, most spotting scopes have been heavy, and slow to set up. Consequently, they have been restricted to more or less specialized use.

Filling a need of long standing is the new lightweight, 13-inch long, 20-power, 50mm prismatic "Sentry" model spotting scope being marketed by D. P. Bushnell & Company, Inc., Bushnell Building, Pasadena 1, California, makers of the famous Bushnell line of sport model binoculars and riflescopes.

A revolutionary feature of the "Sentry" is incorporation in the body of the instrument of a threaded bushing that permits mounting the scope on any suitable camera tripod. Heretofore, a special scope-cradle or a bracket attachment has been needed to set up a spotting scope for use.

FWFT&T found it easy to make an auto window style mount, using a camera tripod head as the adjustable unit. The accompanying illustration shows how the tripod mounting boss is made an integral part of the scope's bottom to permit attachment to any camera tripod or to any homemade unit that utilizes a camera attachment screw.

The body of the Bushnell "Sentry" spotting scope is beautifully finished in tan color, baked-on, ripple finish enamel. The threaded, protective end covers are smooth finished in contrasting brown; these screw over the eyepiece and the objective lens when the scope is not being used. Net body weight is 27 ounces; 30 ounces with the protective end caps attached.

Although extra eyepieces in 12X, 16X, 32X and 48X are available, at \$15 each, FWFT&T recommends selection of the standard 20-power for general use. The 20X gives a field of view of 12 feet, 2 inches at 100 yards, a relative brightness factor of 6.25 and a practical eye relief of one-half on inch.

FWFT&T has put the Bushnell "Sentry" spotting scope through many field tests under a variety of light conditions and is convinced that it is a quality, durable instrument, well worth its price of \$54.50. Its maker evidently feels the same, for the "Sentry," like other Bushnell optional products, carries a 20-year satisfactory service guarantee.

Mosquitos and Wildlife a Symposium Topic

MEANS OF COORDINATING mosquito control and wildlife management objectives were discussed at a meeting in the Department of the Interior early this month. Attending were nearly 80 persons from the sponsoring groups—American Mosquito Control Association, U.S. Departments of Interior and Agriculture, U.S. Public Health Service, and State conservation agencies, according to the Wildlife Management Institute.

It was apparent during the meeting that both groups sincerely wanted to get together and work out the most satisfactory means of settling their differences.

"It was refreshing," said one, "that we could have such a fruitful meeting. It wasn't too long ago that all

we could accomplish was argument."

Acre for acre, marshes produce more furbearers, waterfowl, small and large game, and sport and commercial fishes than any land type. There has been concern that large-scale mosquito control on the 33 million acres of coastal and fresh water marshland in eastern United States would destroy large and important areas of natural wildlife habitat.

Some mosquito control practices are more harmful to fish and game than others. Spraying of insecticides to kill larval and adult mosquitos is a temporary and extremely harmful method. Others used to rid marshes of the moist mud expanses that mosquitos must have for egg deposition are draining, filling, and

impounding. Drainage is virtually impossible to achieve and is prohibitively expensive. Filling also is costly and is ruinous of marsh habitat.

Spokesmen for Florida control groups endorse the erection of low dikes around principal breeding areas of pestiferous saltmarsh mosquitos. Filled with water, the diked areas give inexpensive and satisfactory relief. The impoundments are used by a variety of marsh fish and game.

Copies of the symposium proceedings will be available from Robert L. Vannote, national advisor, American Mosquito Control Association, Morris Plains, New Jersey, at \$1 a copy. ●

MUZZLE FLASHES

(Continued from page 11)

groups obtain and show one or more of the available free 16mm movie films covering the basics of hand-loading ammunition.

One film source is the C-H Die Company, P. O. Box 3284, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California, which furnishes films on free loan basis to responsible groups for local showing. The only commercial flair given these instructional films is the mention of C-H reloading equipment at the beginning; thereafter, the films take a strict educational and entertainment theme.

Three films in color, all in 16mm size, are available. "Shotshell Reloading In A Nutshell" shows how to reload shotgun shells in easy-to-see picture form; it is an excellent film for novice or experienced hand-loader. . . . "Save The Case" is a non-technical film that explains the advantages of reloading and how handloads can be used in a variety of different forms of shooting. . . . "Modern Handloading" shows every operation required to load a rifle or pistol cartridge. . . . Each film runs

approximately 13 minutes; showing of all three titles will make for a full program of club entertainment. In requesting a booking date, it is well to name a second choice in case the first should conflict with any already scheduled booking.

To further public education in basic reloading, this Gun Editor is available for non-commercial talks and demonstrations. In all probability, however, there is already a qualified, active reloader in your immediate area who can render the same service.

Selective Choke Devices

An often asked question is whether shotgun selective choke devices of bored-tube type give better shot patterns than those working on the adjustable-chuck constriction principle.

The answer is that the bored tubes do not always give the best shot patterns, but they will usually deliver more consistent shot patterns for a series of shots—and in good shotgun shooting it is uniform shot patterns that pay off.

Basic reason for superiority is that the tube attachments are cylin-

ders bored to one degree of choke; there are no mechanical parts to possibly slip or cause any change in controlling choke. But the average shooter won't notice much—if any—difference in field performance of the two types.

The important factor in getting top performance from any type of choke control device is to fire paper test patterns using one shot size with different degrees of choke until the best, most consistent shot patterns are obtained.

Keep in mind that for each shot size, there will be one degree of choke that will handle that shot size best. Once a proven combination has been found, the combination should be maintained for the particular gun, choke control setting and shell loading represented.

Finding the right combinations is an interest, but time-consuming job. It cannot be done in a single test session or haphazardly. Fortunately, there is plenty of time in which to get to know your shotgun's selective choke control unit before hunting season—if you don't take too long to get started. ●

TRouble's LAST HUNT

(Continued from page 23)

On one hunt I had a stand on the bank of the Aucilla. Trouble and two other dogs trailed a deer to the river and all three jumped into the dark, swift water. The current was too much for the other two, but Trouble swam straight across and was out of sight before the two got to the bank downstream.

Trouble never liked coon hunting as many hounds do, and he had good reason. While fox hunting, we met up with a party of coon hunters whose dogs were yelping at the trunk of a small gum tree. A. J. Price of our party flashed his light among the branches and the beam cut the way to a coon crouched on a limb near the top of the tree. Trouble came over to see what the rumpus was about and someone decided to shake the tree.

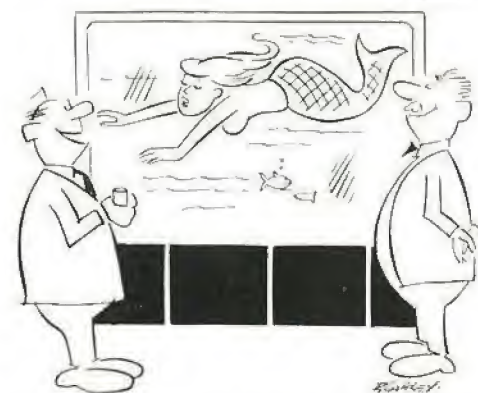
When the leaves began to rattle, a big, fat coon came plummeting downward. It landed like a cat—feet downward — on Trouble's back. There was one scared hound. He took off like greased lightning with the coon digging its claws into his hide. It would be hard to say which animal was more surprised and scared. Trouble cleared a plowed field in no time with his shrill voice letting out a kind of desperate yelp. When he jumped a fence, Trouble lost his rider. He went straight to the truck and jumped in, more ashamed than anything else. Trouble never wanted to see another coon.

The smell of danger was as real

to Trouble as the scent of a deer. On a hunt one morning, the hunters had taken their stands and Mr. Ladson turned Trouble out at the Wacissi River. The dog struck a trail in the swamp and Mr. Ladson took a stand, waiting for trouble to jump the buck. Trouble's voice was not far off when Mr. Ladson looked over his shoulder and saw a black bear shuffling toward him. The bear obviously was not there to put out the welcome mat.

Mr. Ladson's first load of buckshot hit the bear in the shoulder and it kept coming. The second shot turned the animal and the bear staggered out of sight. Trouble broke through the palmettos and haunched down at Mr. Ladson's feet. The dog refused to leave until they reached the next stand. Trouble was a wide hunter, but, in this area, he always refused to leave us far behind.

The race that Trouble ran the day before his death was perhaps his hardest. It seemed that the buck he ran that day outwitted every hunter in the party. Trouble kept trying to



"By golly Herb. — I hadn't considered a home aquarium but — — —"

bring him back and we left the dog still running late in the afternoon.

After supper we were sitting around the fireplace watching the sparks dance off the logs and up the chimney when we heard a scratching at the door. Mr. Ladson opened the door and in limped Trouble. He was wet and cold and his black and white coat was punctuated with scratches from the briars and palmettos. He went straight to the back porch where he knew his supper would be. After eating, he lay in his box and one of the men covered him with an old coat.

The next morning Trouble was stiff and sore. We had to help him into the truck and out of the truck when we got to the woods. In a few minutes the hounds struck a trail and Trouble was among them doing his best. But his voice was hardly more than a whine from the clear notes of the day before. The old power returned, however, when the dogs jumped the deer and Trouble was leading the pack, coming straight toward me.

Before the deer got in shooting distance, he turned and Trouble went on to his last hunt. After he was out of hearing, we got into the truck and drove up the highway in the direction he had gone. About a mile away we found his body on the side of the road. The deer evidently had crossed the highway and Trouble had tried to follow. But his sore feet and stiff joints failed him and a truck or automobile ended his career.

As I stood over Trouble's body at the grave back at my farm, I remembered the nights when the moon was full and Trouble would awaken me by howling that it was time to get up and go hunting.

I have not yet ordered a marble marker for Trouble's grave. But one of these days, I'm going to do just that. He will never be forgotten by the men who listened to him trail during his 10-year career. I hope that the gravestone will perpetuate his memory a long time after we are gone. ●

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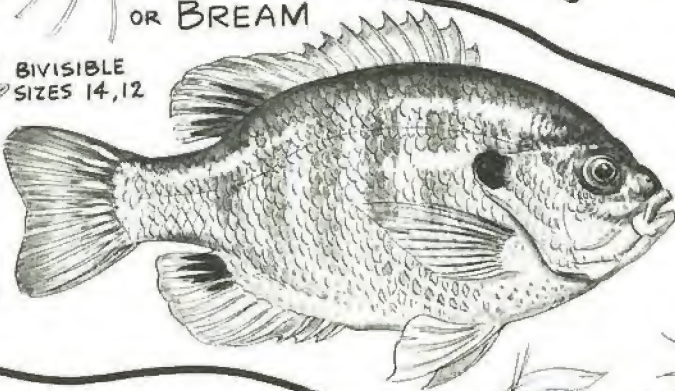
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